THE BYSTANDER
Vol. LXXX—No. 1047

DECEMBER 26, 1923

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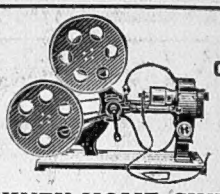

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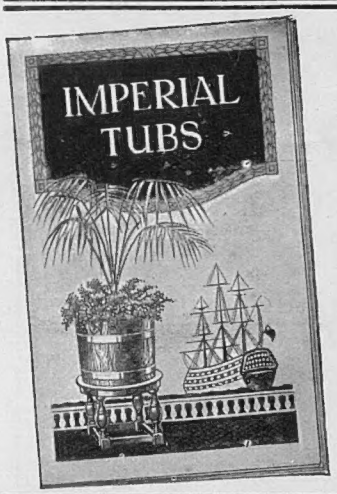

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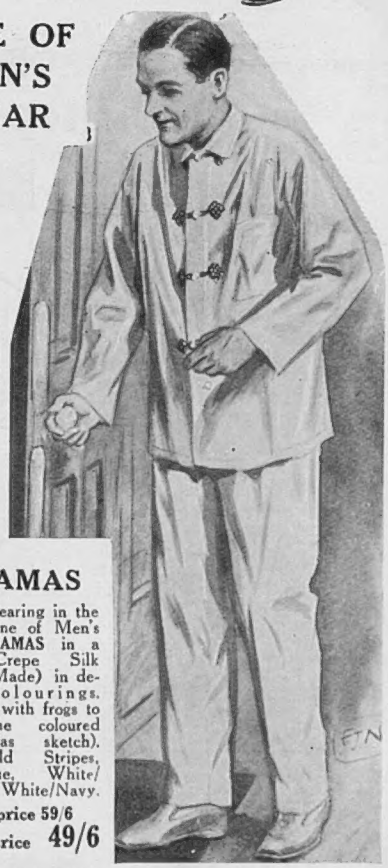

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1923

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1923

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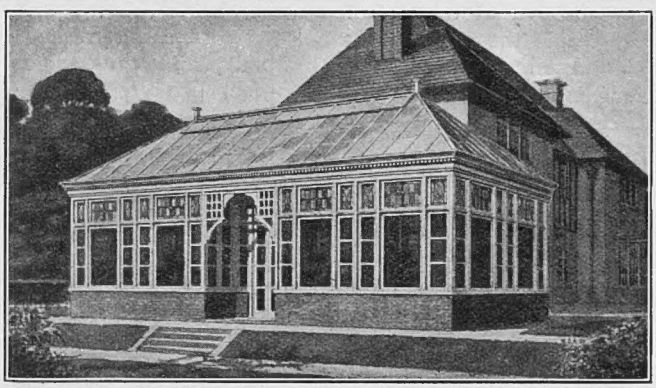

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29 Gns.

Xmas Cheer—Without Regrets

Christmas is coming.

The children will expect you to share their fun, and parties and dinners will be the order of the day, with Christmas fare in abundance.

Of course, you will enjoy it all. But with the best will in the world, can you expect your digestive system to adjust itself from your ordinary simple living to the richer Christmas fare—the succulent turkey, the rich Christmas pudding, mince pies, trifle and wines? No! You cannot reasonably expect it. A mild tonic for the liver and kidneys will be absolutely necessary to prevent the system from becoming overloaded and the blood impure.

Start this very day to take a pinch of Kruschen Salts in your breakfast cup of tea or coffee—only a little, just enough of the crystals to cover a sixpence Taken this way, Kruschen Salts are tasteless. But the little dose is enough to assist the eliminating organs so that they do their work actively, thoroughly cleansing the system of impurities. Clear, refreshed blood circulates all over the body, and the whole system is kept healthy. You feel brisk, energetic, active in mind and body. You are well and know it—for the Christmas jollifications.

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The Bystander, December 26, 1923 No. 1047. Vol. LXXX.

The BYSTANDER

Photograph *Maull and Fox*

THE COUNTESS OF KERRY

The wife of the Earl of Kerry (Lord Lansdowne's eldest son) and daughter of the late Sir Edward Stanley Hope, who was a kinsman of the Marquess of Linlithgow. She and her children are spending Christmas with Lord and Lady Lansdowne at Bowood Park

THAT "KISSMAS" FEELING

BY BLAM

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE

A Gay Carnival

THE past week has seen a great shopping gala in the West End. There have been happy pilgrims revelling in the opportunity and there have been unwilling pilgrims, scarcely knowing what they sought, and led, in fact, like lambs to the slaughter. But, for the most part, it was a gay carnival and one that brings, as we know, great joy in its train.

Business Ballads

WHEN will a poet arise who will see the romantic side of shopping in the West End? The Ballad of Bond Street! The Rime of Ancient Regent Street! Poems of Piccadilly! An Ode to Oxford Street! Why, bless my soul, you could fill a book in less than no time. I've half a mind to write it myself:

The girls who shop in Regent Street
Are sweet beyond compare;
They purchase sticky things to eat
And pretty things to wear. . . .

You see, it's quite easy? Why don't you do it?

Poets Must Live

To Knightsbridge and to Kensington
The stream of shoppers flows;
For there you find the sort of shops
Where everybody goes. . . .

ONE could, of course, go one better, by introducing the names of the various firms on the understanding that they bought a certain number of copies of the book or placed a page advertisement in the back of it. After all, poetry is a poorly paid profession, and we all have to live. I make the suggestion for what it is worth.

One Over the Knuckles

THE Willesden magistrate who gave a certain railway one over the knuckles for prosecuting a third-class ticket-holder who travelled first-class is a public benefactor. The wicked man offered to pay the difference, but it was declined—without thanks. If this sort of thing is allowed, we are all criminals, for the days on which some of us are not forced to travel first-class are few and far between.

Am I a Criminal?

AND suppose, for the sake of argument, that it is just possible to squeeze one more victim into the modern black hole of Calcutta which masquerades as a third-class compartment—is there any law against a passenger changing his mind at the last moment? Am I a criminal because I am tempted by the soft cushions and the seclusion of a first-class compartment to spend a little more than I can afford? There are a hundred reasons why I should be allowed to do as I please—providing, of course, that I am prepared to pay for the privilege.

It's Up To Him

IN days when my young idea was being taught to shoot, we members of the lower school strongly disapproved the action of the master who would invite an unknown offender to incriminate himself by standing up in his place. We argued that it was up to him to spot the culprit; that he was paid to keep his eyes open, and that it was playing it low down to strain that delicate organism, a schoolboy's conscience, in such a manner. We held a meeting about it, and a future Member of Parliament spoke really well—until he was hit in the eye with a ripe pear!

Why Not Referees?

I STILL think we were right, and it, therefore, grieves me to find Judge Sir Alfred Tobin, having heard laughter in his County Court, calling on the offender to stand up.

AN ODE TO OXFORD STREET

THE WICKED MAN OFFERED TO PAY THE DIFFERENCE

UNTIL HE WAS HIT IN THE EYE WITH A RIPE PEAR

ONE OF THESE DAYS A GIRL WILL BE KISSED UNDER A PIECE OF IMITATION MISTLETOE.

HOWARD K. ELCOCK

—HAS BEEN PLAYING FOR EIGHT MONTHS —

'KEEP OFF ME SHOES!'

If this sort of thing goes on we shall have football referees following a similar line of least resistance. "One of you fellows," he will say, "has kicked this unfortunate man on the shin. Unless the offender holds up his hand I shall stop the game." Or again: "I distinctly heard a spectator say 'Play the game, ref.' Unless he confesses his misdeed, I shall have no alternative to clearing the grand stand!"

That Dreadful Dole

EVERY paper in the land should find a corner in which to print General Booth's condemnation of the Dole in the annual report of the Salvation Army. It is impossible to imagine, he says, the mischievous influence which springs from "this evil thing." Recipients suffer a moral decline, and for once, at least, we see how a remedy may be far worse than a disease. That is a bit of plain-speaking which cannot fail to clear the air, and it cannot be too widely circulated. Whether any good will come of it is another matter.

A Vintage Year

I MUST admit that I rubbed my eyes when I read the statement of a leading dramatic critic that the theatrical activities of the year made "a dismal record." What *do* these critics want? In my ignorance, I had supposed that the stage in 1923 had taken a big forward step. I had supposed that we were climbing back to the position that we occupied before the war. Yet, because this pale pessimist can quote half a dozen failures and a few revivals, his lamentations are heard in the land. If he had asked my opinion I should have told him that 1923 was by way of being a vintage year compared to some of its predecessors. Not very wonderful in itself, perhaps, but showing an upward tendency, which, after all, is the only thing that matters.

Like Nelson—

IT would be waste of time, of course, to point to successful productions, because public patronage rather prejudices a critic against a show than otherwise. This particular Jeremiah is impressed by the failures but not by the successes—an instance of acute myopia common to his kind. Like Nelson, he looks at success with his blind eye and says that he is *damned* if he can see it. But he gloats over failure with a magnifying-glass. "A Dismal Record," indeed!

The Other Fellow

THOSE townsmen who smile at the farmers for endeavouring to curtail summertime would probably laugh on the other sides of their faces if they were asked to take on a milkman's job in the too early hours. The townsman may be right and the farmer may be wrong, but the man who has the better end of a bargain may very fairly be asked to have a little consideration for the other fellow's point of view. Summertime brought neither pleasure nor profit to the farmers, and they would be less than human if they didn't raise a faint squeak of protest once in a while.

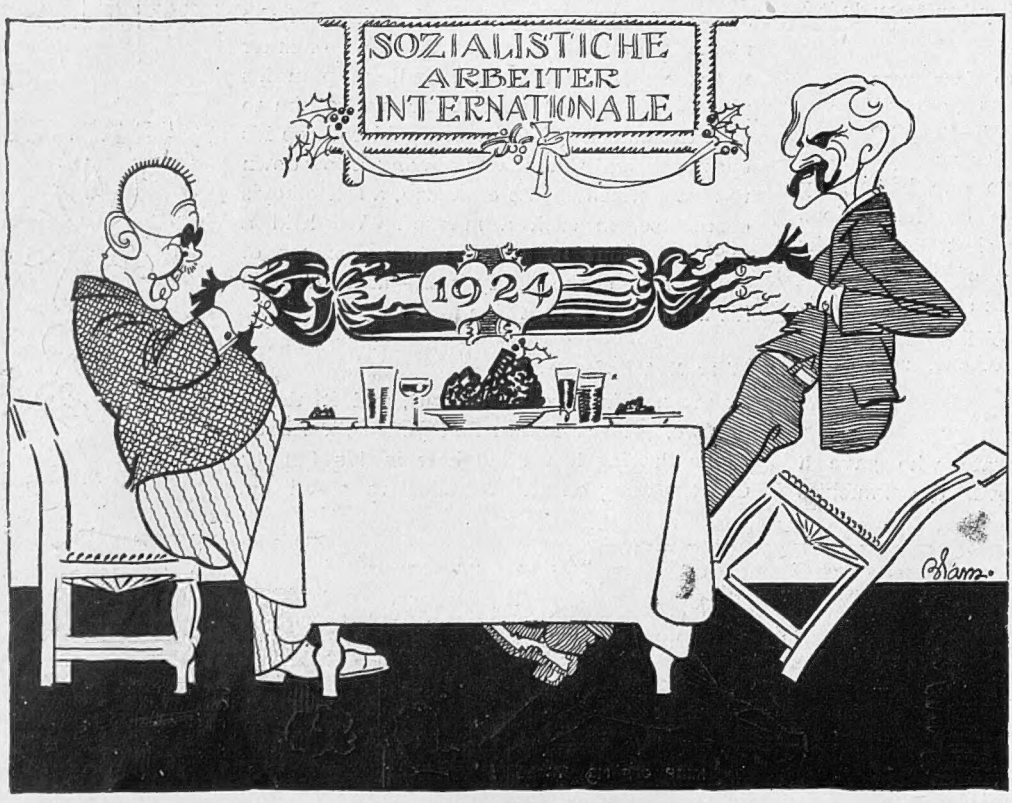
A Synthetic Christmas

WE have sampled the pleasures of a synthetic Christmas for a long time past. We have had to find substitutes for Peace and Goodwill, and the merriment hasn't always been too noticeable, but this latest dodge of sewing artificial berries on to the holly is just about the limit. One of these days a girl will be kissed under a piece of imitation mistletoe, and then there *will* be trouble!

Keep Off My Shoes

OLD-TIMERS who read that the waltz has come to stay shouldn't throw their hats in the air before they have taken the floor and sampled their old favourite in its modern form. An English visitor to New York City once explained that he found everything just the same, but just different—the sort of difference that makes confusion twice confounded. The modern waltz is rather like that. You start off gaily to the old measure and before you know where you are, you are all over her feet and she is probably singing:

> Keep off me shoes! Keep off me shoes!
> Yer dancin' may be good,
> But me feet ain't made of wood.
> Keep off me shoes! Keep off me shoes!



"PULLING TOGETHER" By BLAM

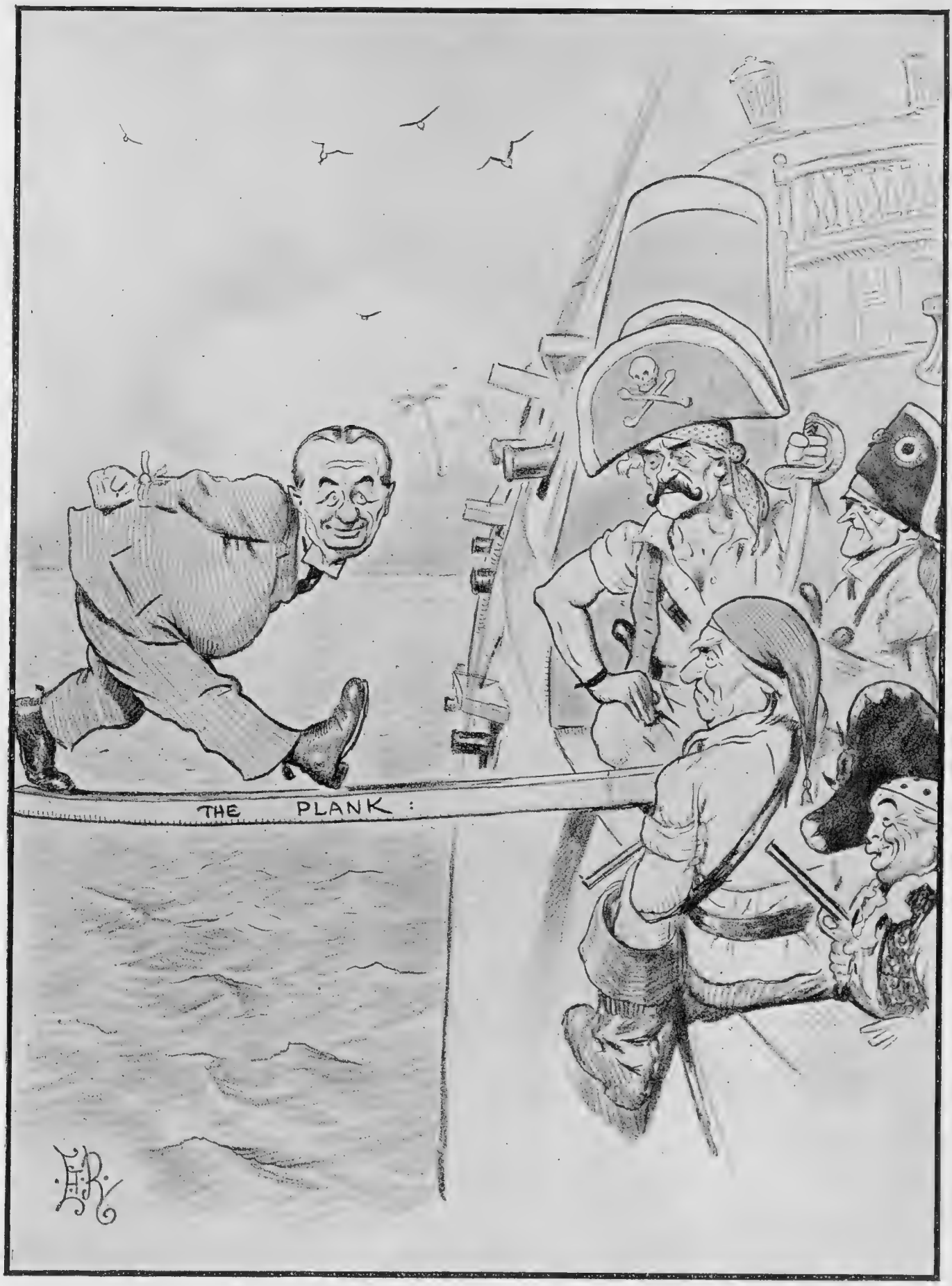
A Safe Record

A BIRMINGHAM pianist has collapsed after playing the piano for forty-one and a half hours. The young lady in the flat below me has been playing for eight months, and is going as strong as ever—probably because she only plays one tune. I don't want to discourage the Birmingham gentleman, but he has a long way to go to beat the record.

Your Last Chance!

THE final day for polling your vote in our Popular Actor Election is December 31. A Conservative estimate places the number of votes well up in the tens of thousands. The Liberal allowance of prizes is well known. As to Labour—well, you should see our Competition Organiser tearing his hair! We said this last week. *We won't say it again!*

A Plank Not in the Party Platform



BY E. T. REED

RAMSAY THE CORSAIR: "Look here, my worthy friend! That's *not* a *promenade*, it's a '*plank*,' and we mean to jolly well see that you '*walk*' it!"

ENTERTAINMENTS.

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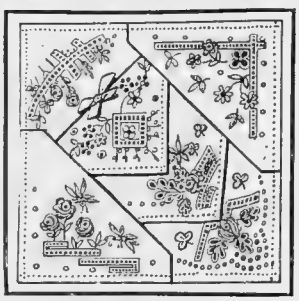
A Final Reminder!



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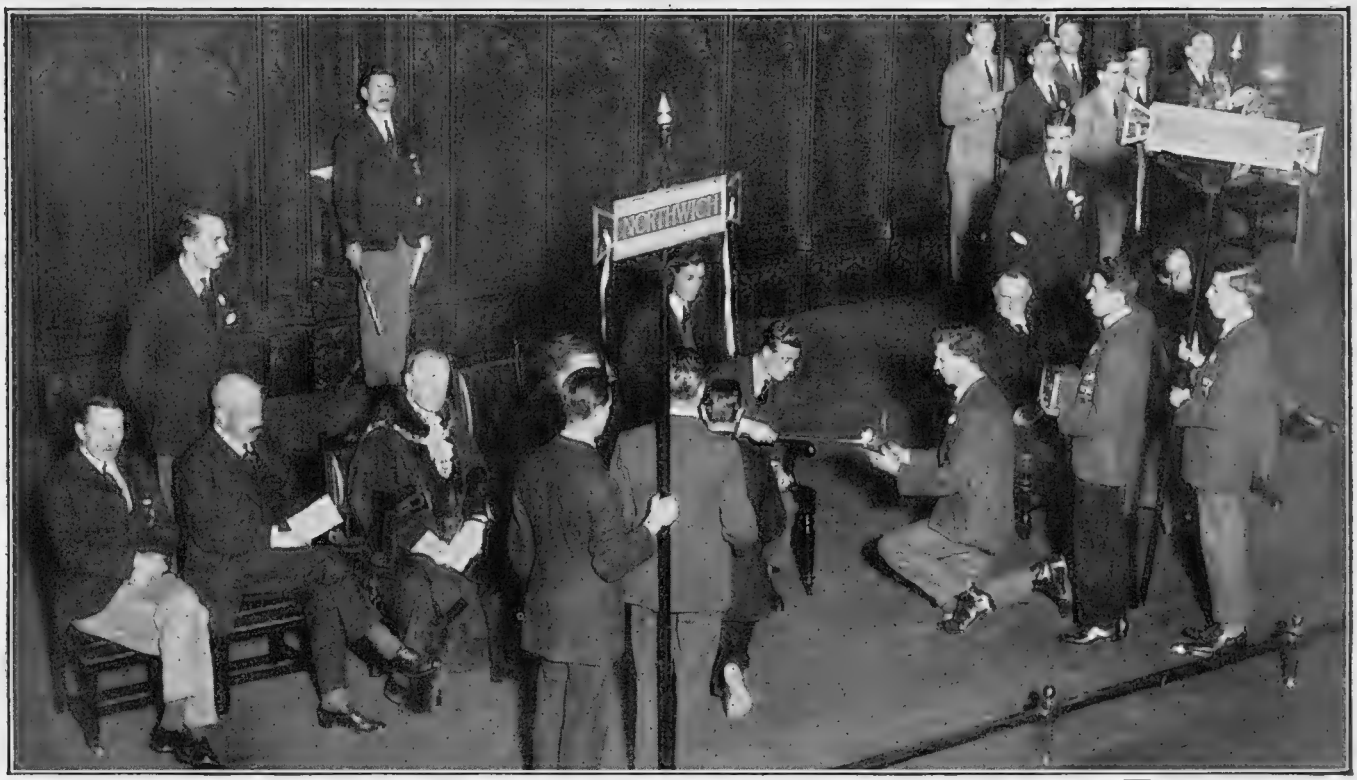


Photograph *G. P. U.*

THE LIGHT OF CHIVALRY THAT DOES NOT FAIL

The Prince of Wales dressed in the peace time kit of Toc. H.—a dark blue blazer with the arms of Ypres, and grey flannels—lighting the lamps of the new branches of the Brotherhood at the Guildhall ceremony. It was the eighth anniversary of the founding of Toc. H. at Poperinghe—now grown to a great Imperial fraternity. In the picture are seated: Lt.-General Sir Charles Harington (left), the Duke of Devonshire, the Lord Mayor of London; and, on the Prince's left, Lord Grey of Fallodon, and Sir James Barrie

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Prince George's Majority

PRINCE GEORGE, the youngest of the King's four sons, came of age last Thursday, so now we have no Royal Princes under what used to be called "tutelage." The occasion was celebrated by a family dinner-party at Buckingham Palace.

So far, Prince George has made no public appearance, and probably his profession—the Navy—will debar him from the duties of representation which fall in showers on his three elder brothers.

Hitherto, Prince George has gone about unattended, just like any ordinary naval officer, but now that he has attained his majority I expect we shall hear that a gentleman-in-waiting has been appointed to his service, since many duties fall to Royal Princes when they reach the legal age of manhood.

The King's second son was created Duke of York when he attained his majority, following the precedence set by Queen Victoria, who made all her sons Dukes. But the King's third son, Prince Henry, is now twenty-three, and no hint has yet been given of his receiving a ducal title.

Queen Victoria followed the rule which has obtained in the English Royal family since the days of the Plantagenets, whereby all the sons of the Sovereigns after the Prince of Wales have been given the title of duke. It is scarcely probable that this centuries-old custom will be broken now, so we can expect one day to see both Prince Henry and Prince George created peers of the realm. At the present moment neither of them are peers, since being a Prince of Great Britain and Ireland does not carry a peerage. Until they are created peers they can't sit in the House of Lords.

Photographs *Vandyk*

CAPTAIN REGINALD HARGREAVES, M.C.

The aide-de-camp to the Earl of Athlone, the new Governor-General of South Africa. Captain Hargreaves, who was in the Rifle Brigade, is the only surviving son of Mrs. C. R. Hargreaves, of Remenham, Wraysbury. He was married last Thursday to the charming lady whose photograph appears above

MISS A. J. OGILVIE GRANT

Who was married last week at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, to Captain Reginald Hargreaves, the Earl of Athlone's A.D.C. She is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Ogilvie Grant, of Farley Hill Cottage, Reading

The Royal Christmas

THE Court has gone to York Cottage for Christmas, and there the King and Queen will have a family party, with the King and Queen of Norway and the Crown Prince Olaf at Appleton House, near by, and Queen Alexandra at Sandringham.

The Queen of Norway has a great affection for Appleton House, which was her home when she was Princess Charles of Denmark, and when the prospect of being a Queen was outside the possibilities of imagination. When Princess Maud of Wales married Prince Charles of Denmark, Norway and

Photograph *Hay Wrightson*

A SCOTTISH BRIDE-TO-BE

Miss Cynthia Mary Graham, the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alastair Graham, of Edinburgh, and a grand-daughter of Sir Herbert Maxwell, the Wigtownshire Lord-Lieutenant. She has recently become engaged to Mr. J. F. Menzies, the elder son of Colonel Menzies, J.P., of Berwickshire

Sweden were united under one King. The wisest and most far-seeing diplomatist never anticipated their severance. But one day, all out of the blue, the separation came. Norway wanted her own Sovereign, her own separate nationality. The aged King Oscar of Sweden bowed to the Norwegian national wish, and the crown was offered to Prince Charles of Denmark. So Princess Charles had to leave her little house near Sandringham for a palace in Christiania and a crown. But every year, ever since, she has come back for a few weeks in the winter, and every year King Haakon comes for a short visit and they go back to Norway together.

Why It Smoked

Appleton House is not much larger than a glorified cottage. In the hall is a small fireplace. When the Queen of Norway went into residence there as Princess Charles of Denmark, this fireplace proved to be no respecter of Royal personages. Whenever the fire was lighted it smoked horribly, blindingly. Newspapers held across the grate, papers put upright to coax the draught, everything was unavailing, so the architect was telegraphed for in hot haste.

He came, examined the fireplace, and then turning to his Royal client, who, with keen housewifely instinct, was present at the examination of the recalcitrant chimney, said:

"Ma'am, if the housemaid is given instructions to open the register before she lights the fire there will be no smoke!"

A Curious Circumstance

We all remember the outcry in Canada against the bestowal of hereditary titles upon Canadians. But events have proved that there was actually little cause for the outcry. The death of Lord Shaughnessy, that giant of the railroads, has brought out the curious fact that his son is the first Canadian to succeed to a Canadian peerage. Lord Mountstephen's peerage died with him; Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal's dignities were inherited by his daughter under a special remainder. Of the two remaining Canadian peers, Lord Atholstan, who is very rarely seen in England, has no son, and Lord Beaverbrook is now so closely identified with England and English affairs that he can scarcely be considered Canadian.

All these Canadian peerages are baronies of places in Canada and in Great Britain or Ireland. Lord Shaughnessy, for instance, is Baron Shaughnessy of the City of Montreal and of Ashford, County Limerick, and Lord Beaverbrook is Baron Beaverbrook of Beaverbrook, in the Province of New Brunswick, and of Cherkley, in Surrey. That is how the Canadian peerages come under "Baronies of the United Kingdom."

One of the late Lord Shaughnessy's sons, Alfred, was killed during the war whilst serving with the Canadian Expeditionary Force. Four years later his widow, a charming American, married the Hon. Piers Legh, Lord Newton's second son, and Equerry to the Prince of Wales.

Photograph *Short and General*

THE MEET ON THE MORNING AFTER

Lord North chatting to Mr. Joshua Fielden (mounted), the Master of the Warwickshire, at the meet at Wroxton Abbey after the United Hunts Ball

Photograph] **WITH THE OLD BERKELEY AT SHARDELOES** *[Sport and General*

The Old Berkeley, undeterred by a strenuous all-night sitting out at their Hunt Ball, are still going strong in the field. Our picture, taken at a recent meet at the Master's house shows: (left) Captain F. Covell (who has doubtless torn himself away with difficulty from the new venture at "Oddy's"), Mrs. Maynard, Mr. E. T. Tyrwhitt-Drake (the Master), Mrs. M. Kingscote and Lady Mary FitzMaurice

Walter Pater and the Plates

Who remembers Walter Pater to-day? It's asking too much of anybody to hark back so far. But there is a delightful story about him, which can be applied to the Canadian outburst about hereditary titles. The application, "dear reader," as the lady novelists used to say, I leave to you.

Walter Pater was the ultimate expression of art criticism at Oxford. One day he honoured an undergraduate with his presence at luncheon because the undergraduate was the son of an old friend.

Anxious to please the critical taste of his distinguished guest, the young man had borrowed all the odd-looking plates and dishes he could find—a startling collection. At the end of the meal, he said:

"What do you think of my china, Mr. Pater?"

Pater picked up a plate, turned it over, looked at it again, and murmured:

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE WARWICKSHIRE MEET AT WROXTON ABBEY

A picture of the field outside Wroxton Abbey. Sport has been good recently among these hard-riding folk, and on the occasion when this photograph was taken, there was a fast forty minutes' run. Since the sad illness and sudden demise of Lord Willoughby de Broke, Mr. "Josh" Fielden has been sole Master of the pack

"Beautiful china! Beautiful china! But they mustn't make any more of it!"

The Master of the Horse

TIME and the hour! *Tout passe, tout casse, tout lasse.* We are told that the Labour Party, whenever they come into office, will have grave difficulties over the political appointments in the Royal Household. They, and any other political party, will be spared one appointment. The place of Master of the Horse, now held by the Marquess of Bath, is to be abolished.

The motor-car has reduced the duties of the Master of the Horse to a general supervision of State processions, all the details of which are actually arranged by minor officials and the heads of the Royal stables.

In the days of horseflesh the Master of the Horse was an all-essential and hard-worked official. But to-day petrol has made the office first-cousin to a sinecure, and so my Lord Marquess of Bath will go down to history as the last Master of the Horse to the Majesty of England.

I'm not a Die-Hard, but I'm sorry.

"Delusional Insanity"

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S libel action proved that the grotesque stories told about him were the outcome of what the Judge described as "delusional insanity." When you come to think of it there must be a good deal of "delusional insanity" in the world if one judges by the number of astonishing stories one hears of the doings of politicians and others. So, perhaps, in future, when our Mrs. Candours, Lady Sneerwells and Sir Benjamin Backbites pour out their little tales we shall murmur "Delusional insanity," instead of "hatred, malice and all uncharitableness." All the same, it is difficult to know where one ends and the others begin. But it is comforting to reflect that the prison doors gape wide open for those who repeat the babblings of such "delusional insanity" which flung the mud over Mr. Winston Churchill.

Photograph *British Illus.*

HOME AGAIN

The Earl of Haddington and his Canadian bride snapped on board the Aquitania on their arrival at Southampton. The new Countess of Haddington, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Cook, of Montreal, is a sister of the Countess of Minto

Waste Labour

AN old friend of mine, with a big house in the country, had a butler who had been many years in his service. Like a great many other people, my friend was forced to sell, and now lives in a small house and has foregone the luxury of butler and footman. The butler and his wife have taken a lodging-house in London. I went to see them the other day to inquire for rooms for a friend.

The old butler was very scathing in his comments on the modern servant, and raised a point that was new to me. He said a great deal of discontent was roused amongst servants in big houses by what they called "waste labour." In most houses of any size there are rooms which are never used, perhaps, more than once or twice a year. Whether these rooms are

used or not they have to be kept clean, and according to the butler there is a vast amount of grumbling over the sweeping and cleaning of floors, the polishing of furniture, the constant care of silver and ornaments in such rooms, amongst maids and footmen.

The servants call it "waste labour"; the economists would call it "unproductive labour." But the servants get their wages, and the floor polish people the money for their wares.

A Great Aristocrat

LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE held one of the oldest baronies in the peerage—it was created in 1491—and was the nineteenth of his line. He was a man of great versatility and the most uncompromising of the "Die-Hards." For over twenty years he was Master of the Warwickshire Hunt, and was an amateur actor of decided talent. At one time he and Lady Willoughby de Broke formed a company of amateurs in Warwickshire, called the Kineton Amateurs, which went about in the country giving performances for charity.

Photograph *Malcolm Arbuthnot*

MISS ROSAMUND LEHMANN

Who was married last week to Mr. Leslie Runciman, the eldest son of the Rt. Hon. Walter Runciman

Lord Willoughby de Broke had a very unusual realisation of the duties of his position, a realisation which savoured of another age, although he was only fifty-four when he died. The House of Lords had no more effective champion than the late peer.

He had only one son, the Hon. John Verney, who is in the 17th Lancers, and until a year ago was A.D.C. to the Governor of Bombay.

The Rush to Winter Sports

WINTER sports have now become as much a part of the annual programme as tennis and cricket in the summer. And Switzerland certainly does solve the problem which always faces parents, especially those who live in London, as to what to do with boys and girls during the Christmas holidays. Even in the country the Christmas holidays can be very dull: in London they generally resolve themselves into unlimited theatre and cinema-going. From one of our public schools nearly half the boys have gone to Switzerland for the joys of lugeing, bob-sleighing and ski-ing. Lucky people!

Photograph *Hay Wrightson*

LADY WEIGALL

Who organised a successful "Hour of Melody" at Lansdowne House before Christmas. She is well-known for her hospitality to Colonial visitors in London. Her husband, Sir Archibald Weigall, was Governor of South Australia in 1920-21

Photograph *Speaight*

THE NEW VISCOUNTESS ALLENDALE

The wife of the Hon. Wentworth Canning Beaumont, who has succeeded to the viscounty on the death of his father, Lord Allendale. The new Viscountess Allendale is a daughter of Sir Charles Seely, Bt.

"Not Forgotten"

I WISH more people than those kind and understanding folk who give their interest and their time to the work of the "Not Forgotten" Association could have been at the tea last Tuesday in the Riding School at Buckingham Palace, given to eight hundred wounded ex-Service men still in hospital. I think they would have been reminded of much that too many of us have forgotten.

Photograph *Topical*

FOR THE LITTLE LONDONERS

The Duke and Duchess of York, with Sir Louis and Lady Newton, at the Little Londoners' Banquet, in aid of the late Sir William Treloar's fund to provide Christmas hampers for crippled children

Photograph *G. P. U.*

NOTHING TO BE ASHAMED OF

A rehearsal at Lady Howard de Walden's house of well-known Society people, who, in modest masks and mantillas, sang Christmas Carols at Claridge's Hotel and other West End haunts of happiness last week, in aid of the Dockland Settlement

portions in a most business-like manner, and serving them out to the men who came up from each table.

The eight hundred had a very happy time but there are nearly seven thousand wounded ex-Service men in hospital in the London area alone. If there are any of my readers who could give one afternoon a week to visiting one of the twenty-four hospitals and institutions where these victims of the War are lying, they would be doing the greatest help and kindness. Visitors are badly needed. So if any of you can go to one of the hospitals write to Miss Marta Cunningham, 86, Ladbroke Road, Holland Park, W. 11, and she will tell you where your visits would be most welcome.

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE GREAT WHITE NEIGH

Miss Marian Scott and her white hunter at a meet of the Hertfordshire at Ayot Place

Some of the men were in wheeled chairs, others had to be carried to their places. It was a most pathetic and touching sight, more moving perhaps because of the cheerfulness and enjoyment at the long lines of tables.

The Duke and Duchess of York came in just before tea was served. They cut three iced cakes, the Duke slicing his into

Photograph *Sport and General*

WHEN FRIENDS MEET . . .

Miss Walker, the daughter of the Master, and J. Molyneux, the huntsman, with some friendly members of the pack, at a meet of the Hertfordshire at Ayot Place

Photograph A CHEERY CROWD AT THE CERCLE NAUTIQUE *Marcel Le Nor*

A group of visitors on the terrace of the famous Cannes Club, which has recently reopened its doors for tea and dancing. It is merrily doing its best to live down (or should one say "live up to"?) the momentous fact that it once housed the Peace Conference!

The Riviera Week by Week

THE death of Sir Frederick Treves, Bart., is a very special loss to the Riviera. He and his wife and daughter—Lady Delmé Radcliffe—have wintered here for many years, and it was at Monte Carlo that he wrote his *Riviera of the Corniche Road*, which charmingly illustrated the literary culture of his many-sided personality. He hated publicity and did not suffer fools gladly, but he had a rare warm heart for his friends.

THE Russian Ballets are drawing crowded houses at Monte Carlo. The Duke of Connaught is a constant attendant, as also are many other well-known people. There is a varied programme, including both Classical and Russian music. Perhaps one of the most beautiful ballets is *Le Mariage d'Aurore*, by Tschaïkowsky, which is seldom given elsewhere, as it requires so many first-class dancers, but Monsieur Serge de Diaghilew has an *embarras de richesse* to choose from in this respect. It was interpreted the other night by Mmes. Vera Nemtchinova, Lubow-Tchernicheva, Lydia Sokolova, Ludmila, Chollar, Felia Doubrowska, Nikitina, de Valois, and Messieurs Idzikowsky, Wilzak, Slavinsky, Woizikowsky, Kremnew, Zwerev, Dolin, etc. Various nursery tales come into the ballet such as Little Red Riding Hood, Bluebeard, the Blue Bird, etc. The dance of the Blue Bird was especially charming. It was Monsieur Raoul Gunsbourg—who has presided over the Monte Carlo Opera for so many years—who first brought the whole Imperial Ballet from Moscow here in 1898. He has always encouraged the production of Russian music and operas, and was the first to make known the works of Glinka, Dargomijsky, Rubenstein, Tschaïkowsky, Seroff, Ivanoff, Rimsky Kosarkoff and Moussorgsky. This season he will produce a hitherto unpublished work of Wagner, *Défense d'Aimer*. The *Faust* of Schumann will also be created. The *Damnation of Faust* of Berlioz was first adapted to opera here and wonderfully staged.

Photograph *E. Navello*

THE REV. J. B. MARSH

A recent snapshot of the hardworking Anglican Chaplain of Monte Carlo

ANOTHER creation announced for this season is *Le Prince Igor* (de Borodine). Other works on the programme are *La Foire le Sorotchintzi*, *Palléas et Mélisande*, *Monna Vanna*, *L'heure Espagnole*, *Carmen*, *Faust* (Gounod), *Romeo et Julliette*, *Manon*, *Les Contes d'Hoffmann*, *Thaïs*, etc. Battistini, the great Italian baritone, who played the part of Nathanaël, the Monk, in *Thaïs* two years ago here, is said to have retired into a Franciscan monastery near Rome. His voice was still wonderful, though he was over seventy, and his acting had a distinction all his own, which always made him a personality on the stage.

AMONGST the artists who will sing at the Monte Carlo Opera this season are: Mme. Fanny Heldy, Kousnetzoff, Marguerite Carré, Andrée Vally, Jane Laval, Niza Miadel, Farnelli, Dubois, Delmas Dauphin, tenors; MM. Maratore, Dutreix, Dubois, Fabert, Guys, Delmas, baritones and bass; MM. Vanni-Marcoux, Arnal, Dinh-Gilly, Beaugé, Cousinou, Istrati, Delval; and for Italian opera Mmes. Dalla Rizza, Sheridan, Totti dal Monte, and MM. Hackett, Donnelli, Kareny, etc. Miss Mary Lewis, a young American singer of talent, will make her début, also Mr. Donnel, the baritone. There will also be some Russian artists who make their first appearance here—Mlle. Davidova, a mezzo soprano; Mme. Smirnova, soprano; Monsieur Veselowsky, a charming tenor, and MM. Jourenieff and Zaporojetz, baritone and bass. The Sporting Club opened on Sunday, December 16.

THIS year ladies are to be allowed to compete at the Tir aux Pigeons, which opens on January 3. Comte de Gramedo is President of the Committee and Comte de Bremond d'Ars the Secretary. In February there is the Grand Prix de

l'International Sporting Club of 50,000 francs value; the Prix d'Ermenonville, 15,000 francs value; the Match des Nations, with two competitors from each country; and in March the Grand Prix François Blanc, of 20,000 francs value. The fine new promenade, which runs from the port right under the Tir aux Pigeons along to Larvotto, is now completed.

COLONEL Lucien-Eloi Bellando de Castro, *aide de camp* to the Prince of Monaco, died last week in his 100th year.

Photograph *Marcel Le Noir*

"HAPPY MOMENTS DAY BY DAY"
Miss Rodwell (left) and Mrs. McLean in the grounds of the Cannes Lawn Tennis Club

Both his parents belonged to old Monegasque families, his father being Captain of the Prince's Bodyguard of Carabiniers. Colonel Bellando had followed the fortunes of his Sovereign Princes for nearly a century, and was held in high esteem by them all. He had served under four Princes, Florestan I, Charles III, Albert II, and the present Prince Louis, who sent the fine old man a charming telegram on his birthday, December 1.

THE Bristol Cup for lawn tennis professionals is taking place at the Menton Club this year on December 17-23. Major Rendall, at one time amateur champion of India and a very fine player, has won it twice in succession, and will hold it outright if he wins again this year. Major Rendall has been attached to Menton tennis for the last two seasons, but is at the Hotel Metropole, at Cannes, this year. Other entries for the cup are Negro (of Nice L.T.C.), Edmond Burke (Carlton, Cannes), Romeo (Lyons), Page (Menton), D'Alavene (Pornic), Halcet (Biarritz), and Guidici (La Festa, Monte Carlo). Mr. G. M. Simond is acting as referee.

THE Menton Art and Literary Circle holds its reunions at the Majestic Hotel, where they will give some concerts during the season and some interesting lectures on "The League of Nations," "Mussolini and Fascism," etc. There are already 150 members. The entrance fee of 10 francs suits even the most modest purse.

Photograph *Marcel le Noir*

A MIXED DOUBLE
Who took the ordeal of the camera in the right spirit. They are Gen. Sir George Stanistreet, Mrs. Bax, Col. St. John Killery and Mrs. E. H. Keays. The place?—Cannes Lawn Tennis Club, of course

THE Anglo-American Club is adding to its members' list every day, and had their first Cinderella dance the other night, which was such a success that they will be continued every Monday, and perhaps twice a week later on.

YET another Bridge and Social Club, the Country Club, has just been started at the Casa Picciola, Roquebrune-Cap Martin. Lord Waleran is the owner and President and the Duc de Choiseul, Vice-President. The Duke of Connaught, who has consented to become a patron, was present at the opening with his *aide de camp*, Colonel Berkeley Levett, and made himself charming. There is quite a big membership already. Lord Waleran is well-known, and popular with everyone.

THE Menton Golf Club at Sospel and the Golf Hotel opened on December 15. The course is in better order than last year, having had careful treatment during the summer. The club is only about an hour's run from Menton by motor up a wonderfully engineered road.

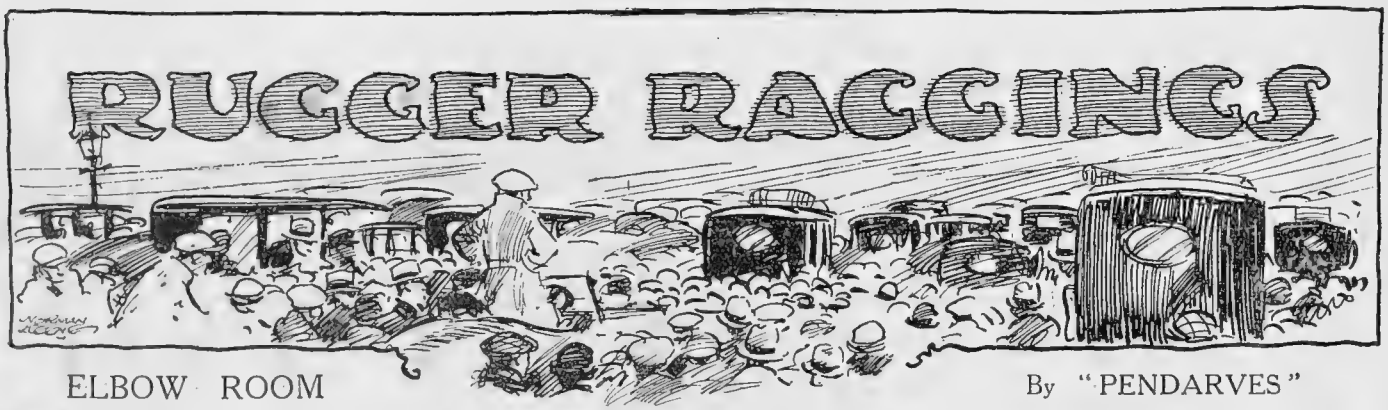
THERE were a lot of people lunching at the famous Reserve at Beaulieu on the opening day, including Baron and Baroness Schoenholtz, Duc de Choiseul, Comte de la Motte, Mr. Albert Chunn, Mr. Edmond Terrien, Comte de Bourbel, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Burns, Colonel Ellis and Mr. and Mrs. Macomber.

THERE has long been a project of starting social and bridge clubs at Monte Carlo, and this year it may be realised if suitable premises can be found. There is a great demand for such a meeting-place, and it would certainly be as great a success as the other clubs of the kind at Menton and Nice. Mr. Stephen Coleridge is at the Villa Piccioletta, near Cap Martin, recruiting after a severe operation. Mr. William Harriman—a young representative of the great railway family of America, is here just now. Mr. Walter Burns—son-in-law of Mr. Pierpont Morgan, has been winning heavily at times at the tables.

J. GALBRAITH HORN.

Photograph *Special Press*

A SKI-PILOT
Mrs. Panter, a well-known winter sports enthusiast, caught in happy mood by the camera at Pontresina



ELBOW ROOM

By "PENDARVES"

DURING the short silence in the Rugger world occasioned by the Christmas festivities, a silence broken only by the cunning arrival to-day of the Racing Club de France, who think to catch Blackheath in a moment of Christmas surfeit and beat them on their own ground, it seems a fitting moment to say a few earnest words about the Twickenham ground on the day of a big match.

To those who travel about the country, as I do a good deal, to watch big matches on provincial grounds, the spectacle of the Rugby Union ground on a great occasion is a very remarkable one, and a poor sort of compliment to the efficiency of London as the most important centre of the Rugby game in Britain. The Twickenham ground, from the point of view of the players, is, of course, all that can be desired. And the stand and ring seats from the point of view of the spectator are just about as good as they could be, *when you are in them.* Indeed, in all these respects the Rugby Union have a thoroughly representative home, commensurate with their dignity as the controlling body of the great game.

But the getting to, and most particularly the getting away *from*, a 'Varsity match, an International, or even a Services contest, is a most irritating business for tens of thousands of people every time such an event occurs, and is a matter which has got to be dealt with by the Rugby Union pretty quickly, before the patience of the game-loving community is exhausted and gate receipts begin to suffer, as they will in the end.

One returns to a subject, briefly alluded to in these notes before the 'Varsity match, with some feeling after it is all over, because the congestion of cars on that day was greater than the worst pessimist could have anticipated. What happens, and what, seemingly, is likely to happen again and again unless something is done to remedy a stupid defect, is that you sit in your car (when you have walked half a mile to it) in the gathering darkness, for well over an hour in some cases, and hope to get back to London in time to be exceedingly late for tea.

It is perfectly useless having England's premier ground at the end of a bottle-neck of narrow roads, waste land and ploughed fields. A ground towards which converge literally thousands of cars on a big day, and from which none can get away save after interminable delay and confusion.

It is time, surely, after all these years in which the Rugby Union have been making a steady and by no means small income out of the public, for something better in the way of ingress and egress to Twickenham than the ridiculously inadequate approaches at present existing?

There is, of course, an alternative—Wembley. There is already much talk of transferring this year's Scotland *v.* England match on March 15 to the Empire Exhibition Grounds. Here there is seating accommodation for thousands more than could ever get into Twickenham. There is also a vast amount of accommodation for car-parking, other than on cabbage stumps and in meadows deep in mud and churned-up grass. The drawback to Wembley from the motorists' point of view (and the motorist goes in great force to see Rugger played) is the interminable time it takes getting through the London traffic as opposed to the quick slip out of London to Twickenham via Hammersmith Broadway, Roehampton Lane and Richmond. Also, one does not want to forsake Twickenham, the home of great matches, and, as it were, the headquarters of the game, without a struggle. People all over England are saying that the Rugby Union must do something. It is to be hoped they will. For elbow room and a far better administration of the traffic problem is required there, if the R.U. want to hold on to what they have already gained.

The wretched pedestrian, evading fairly soon (though not soon enough, *vide* the Leicester ground) the Scylla of the motor traffic, falls, after a ten minutes' tramp, into the Charybdis of the railway system. At Twickenham station—why heaven alone knows—to get to the up platform he is bottled up in a narrow, and, therefore, very uncomfortable passage between high brick walls, and shoves and curses his way towards a totally inadequate, temporary booking-office, which is a kind of hole in the wall.

Perhaps a train comes in at once, and perhaps it does not. If the latter, the congestion on the platform becomes sulphurous, to say the least of it. And it is the survival of the fittest amply demonstrated when a train does at length draw in.

All this maladministration is wrong and unnecessary. Both the Rugby Union and the Southern Railway have had ample experience now of Twickenham crowds. They know just what to expect, when to expect it, and almost exactly in what numbers.

The point of view of the average Rugger follower, who loves the Twickenham venue, is, "We don't want to go to Wembley—but by Jingo if we do . . . . we shall at least get away from it in reasonable time; so let's go." And, under present circumstances, you can't blame him.

[Photograph] MISSED HIM BY INCHES! [Topical

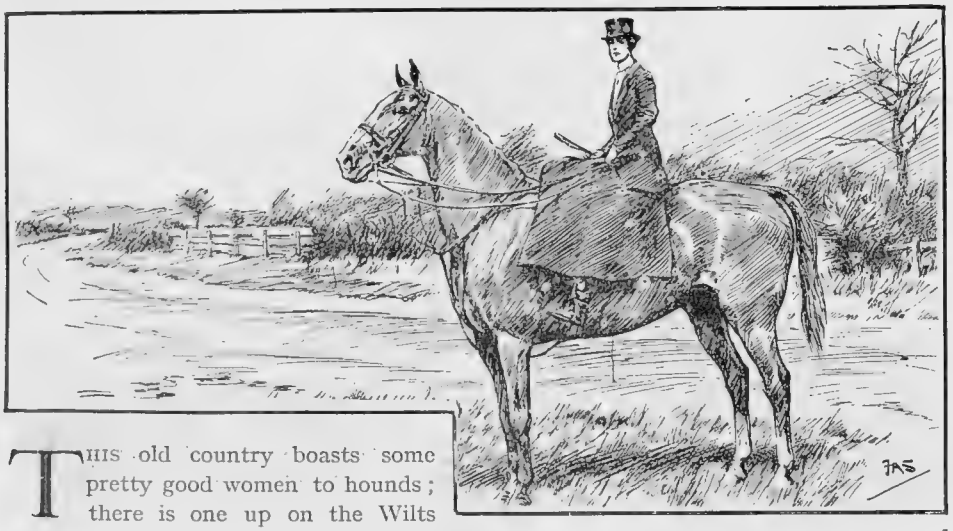
A "Possible" three-quarter back just manages to evade a diving tackle by a "Probable" defender, in the International Rugby football trial—"Probables *v.* Possibles" at Coventry, where the "Probables" won fairly easily, but not without causing some misgivings as to their defensive powers

A Winter Wedding

Photograph *Bassano*

THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF KINNOULL

The engagement of Lord Kinnoull to Miss Enid Hamilton-Fellowes aroused a great deal of interest when it was announced in the summer, and the wedding took place some days ago at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. The bride, who is the only child of Mrs. Hamilton-Fellowes, of Tangley Park, near Guildford, was attended by six bridesmaids, two pages, and a maid of honour



STUDIES IN PINK

No. V.

THE LEADING LADY

By ARTHUR MILLS

(Author of "The Primrose Path")

This old country boasts some pretty good women to hounds; there is one up on the Wilts and Gloucester side; there is another on the borders of Worcestershire and Warwickshire; there was a very gallant Irish lady now no longer with us. But Mrs. Merrivale! Shades of the spirit of Mytton! There was nothing she would not put a horse at. Over fences she seemed quite unconscious of being in the air; eyes forward watching the hounds; a little smile of pure exhilaration playing about her lips when the pace was good; changing quickly to disappointment if things went ill; whoever set themselves to ride a line with Mrs. Merrivale had a task.

It will be a long time before they forget her round Liseboro way. She kept her horses at the King's Head, and only came down for a few days at a time from London. Rumour had it variously that she was a cinema star; that she was going to be one; that she had murdered her husband; that she was not married at all.

Come to think of it, it was really remarkable that the good folk who patronised Liseboro and neighbourhood during the winter months knew so little about her. Liseboro is not exactly a provincial hunting centre. Equally handy for Quorn, Belvoir, or Cottesmore, it attracts those folk for whom the best of everything is good enough. For such as they the world is a small place in which it is easy enough to discover details about one's neighbour. But Mrs. Merrivale defeated them. No one knew if they wanted to know her or not. Obligingly she herself settled the question. She began by stampeding the men.

"Bones" Leighton said publicly she was the finest woman to hounds he had seen in his life. "Bones'" opinions carried weight. Captain Blacyer, another noted "thruster," took to going out with whichever pack she went out with, so that he and "Bones" started riding jealous again, a pastime everyone, especially the Masters, hoped they had given up.

To look at! Well, she had a pair of great dark eyes that flashed like red and purple beams from a searchlight on first one man and then another at covert-side, lighting up their hearts.

She looked just about as well on a horse as a woman can, having the figure for the part, and riding with a long iron, which showed to perfection a graceful length of limb from waist to ankle. She filled the description of the old Major who, when lecturing his subalterns on cavalry tactics, began by saying that the two most gratifying sights in the world were a well-collected woman and a well-collected horse.

With the men everything was easy. Not so with the women. When she first came down there wasn't one of them would not have chopped her in covert without the option. Gradually she won them round. In this way. Of course, she had the figure to set off a habit. But allowing that, her habits were amazingly well-cut. The other women sized up all the well-known firms they could not have come from, and were still left guessing. Then Lady Mabel, sister of Ardingford, the youthful M.F.H., a woman notably smartly turned out, could bear it no longer. She asked Mrs. Merrivale straight out who made her habits. Mrs. Merrivale confided the name with charming candour. He was a little man on the other side of the Park—called Budge. Wasn't he good? Yes, quite cheap. Oh, half the price of ——— or ——— (hitherto considered the only possible habit-makers). Don't tell everyone, will you? You see, it is just my little secret; times so difficult, aren't they? Better to put one's money in the corn bin than on one's back.

In a week's time Lady Mabel was wearing a Budge habit; ten days later her cousin had one; at the end of a month half Liseboro were "Budge's," and half-drove the maker (who was in the middle of moving to larger premises) out of his mind by telegram and telephone. Before the end of the season nobody in Leicestershire wore anything but "Budges," which established them elsewhere for several seasons to come. Incidentally, Mrs. Merrivale was established, too. Under the circumstances she could not be otherwise.

She became a sort of Mrs. Vernon Castle of the hunting-field. What she did, said and wore were sedulously noted. She set the fashion of having a coloured silk handkerchief flopping loosely from the side pocket of her coat. At first when other women tried this, they found their handkerchief getting pulled out by twigs or else stuffed out of sight altogether. The simple device of keeping the handkerchief securely in place by a safety-pin had not occurred to them. You remember the year when everyone went about with handkerchiefs pinned into their pockets. Yes—Mrs. Merrivale started that.

Of course, she would never have got away with this sort of thing if it had not been for the way she rode. Say what you like, but out hunting a man is more likely to notice a plain girl who flips over a fence in front of him than a pretty one who is back behind waiting while the second horseman opens a gate. Not that Mrs. Merrivale was plain—far from it.

It was in this way she caught the eye of Ardingford, the young M.F.H., and precipitated the crisis which had been inevitable for some time.

Her abysmal crash may be told in a few words. For a considerable period it had been plain there was something between Ardingford and Mrs. Merrivale. Lady Mabel thought it just another of her brother's infatuations. When she realised it was serious, she took action. Someone must find out who Mrs. Merrivale was. Lady Mabel went to London.

In her own words: "My dear, the cheek of the thing is incredible—the daughter of some horse-dealer—married, no—just took the name—oh, no, I don't think there is anything against her character *in that way*—but she was simply down here having her expenses paid as that man's *mannequin*—yes, Budge."

But by that time it was too late to do anything, as far as Ardingford was concerned, and, any way, "Mrs." Merrivale was cut out from her cradle to be the wife of an M.F.H.

ARTHUR MILLS

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BY H. M. BATEMAN

THE COSMOPOLITAN

PRESCRIPTIONS FOR 1924

HEADING BY ALFRED LEETE

I NEVER make a good resolution myself. But then I never make a bad one. "Hell," says Herbert in *Jacula Prudentum* (1651), "is full of good meanings and wishings." Is heaven kept then for bad resolves? I am utterly incurious. It has always seemed to me that a man who sets about reforming himself will never learn anything. We ask life to shape us. If we turn out badly, it is life's fault.

But because I refuse to advise myself, that shall not rob me of the merry task of physicing others. Hail me for your good, and I am ready with my herbs and leech-craft. I'll bring you salves and ointments, plasters and embrocations, liniments and poultices. You shall have advice galore and nary a bill to pay. I stand amazed before my interest in your reformation. Here are a few specimen prescriptions:

(1) STANLEY BALDWIN.

For the sanguine temperament there is nothing like a little *Hardfactitum*. Being a dreamer of dreams it were well if you smoked less, ate Worcester Pippins to keep Doctor Protection away, and dropped the Mark Antony habit. "I am no orator as Asquith is; but as you know me ail, a plain blunt man." So Antony talked according to Shakespeare, and Antony was a good fellow like you, though devoid of prudence like you. Protection has been your Cleopatra, and I do not suppose much more will be heard of you. But I should like to know how much you had to do with the overthrow of the Coalition Government, an affair described by Lord Balfour as the meanest trick in the history of politics. How are the pigs?

(2) D. LLOYD GEORGE

For this choleric disposition I prescribe *Culturonia* and *Lux Comica*. Take a course of French literature and try and see that the French are neither fools nor knaves. *Gallia* was once *divisa* into *ires partes*, but she is solid now for a great statesman, Poincaré. You can make no more impression on her than you made on America. And, for the British barber's sake, do have thy capillary adornment reduced to the standard of human custom. Don't write any more books, *Please*!

(3) WINSTON CHURCHILL

For this sensitive disposition *Scrymgeouria* and *Lawrencophorus*. Once I would have prescribed fuzzy worms in your case, but after all you have 9,236 friends in Leicester and I, curiously enough, have none. If you go electioneering any more it will spoil your literary style, which is good. Get made a peer as quickly as you can. Birkenhead knows.

(4) H. H. ASQUITH

For this mild disposition I suggest *Margotissima* and *Armchaironium*. The story goes that the last Trump will be sounded at Paisley because if it were any distance off the inhabitants wouldn't hear it. I would strongly advise you to choose another constituency before the next election because though 9,000 odd Paisleyans like you, no less than 19,000 just as odd Paisleyans have shown that they do not. East Fife looks safe again for you. *Verb. sap.* If you ever get into power again, I commend to you the career of Antoninus Pius, and hope you will give us the genuine calm that Baldwin so falsely promised. Antoninus gave the keynote of his life in the last word that he uttered when the tribune of the night-watch came to ask the pass-word—*æquanimitas*.

(5) RAMSAY MACDONALD

For this nervous temperament I recommend *Burglaritum* and *Picpocketa*. If your knees are knocking together, O Chosen of Aberavon in Glamorgan, cease knocking them and lie down peacefully after the well-known manner of Mr. Joseph Beckett. For your time as Prime Minister is not yet. No less than seventy of your followers have been returned by a minority vote, and you are not likely to know any greater glory than Leader of the Opposition as long as you stick to the Levy, insult France, and hob-nob with the Sozialistiche Arbeiter Internationale. Be English for a spell.

(6) LORD ROBERT CECIL

For this hypochondriacal disposition I prescribe *Bigstickea* and *Mailfistum*. Now that you are to be a peer and have no responsibilities to Hitchin, will you be so good as to look up the history you must have read at one time, and ask yourself if men like Mussolini and Poincaré are likely to submit to orders from that debating society at Geneva? Reflect that the Conservative defeats have been caused in the main by you and Lord Curzon. It is quiet you need, quiet, especially *from* you.

(7) LORD BIRKENHEAD.

For this plethoric constitution I suggest *Humblepie*. I sometimes wonder how you can bear your greatness and reflect how potent would be your influence if you were made of the same clay as other men. Supposing you were still Smith, a struggling barrister, not even a K.C., and had just been defeated for the Walton Division of Liverpool! Why, I don't think you would mind my speaking to you. . . . But carry on. You are a far better bulwark against war than the silly League of Nations.

. . . . .

(A number of my readers have written to ask if I was elected for Blah-Blah. Here are the figures, suppressed of course, by jealous contemporaries:

BLAH-BLAH

Electors, 17. Men, 9. Women, 7.
Curate, 1.
Candidate, Unopposed.
NO CHANGE.

The Member for this low-lying district (ahem!) has been President of the National Union of Non-Singers in the Bathroom since 1890. Before that he had an adventurous career, but was not a philanthropist.)

Mistletoe-ing the Line with Chelsea

Photograph *Maull and Fox*

MISS IRENE RUSSELL AND MR. NELSON KEYS

Photograph *G.P.U.*

MISS FLORENCE SAUNDERS (left) AND MISS CORATHIEL

Photograph. *G.P.U.*

MISS OLGA LINDO, MADAME VOTICHENKO AND MISS RENÉE KELLY

Mistletoe is to be the *motif* of this year's Chelsea Arts' Ball at the Albert Hall on the last day of the year. Not that we think the tiny plant is at all necessary—though it may be a useful reminder! Above, in the costumes they will wear, are some of the pleasant people who, besides you and me, will welcome the New Year in the approved Chelsea Arts manner at the Albert Hall next Monday night

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL. *Produced on October 2, 1923*

THE precise moment at which an entertainment begins is not usually material; but when that moment is embodied in the title of the show, it seems to me that very severe precision is called for. Thus on the night of my visit the Little Revue did not act up to its motto. It started at four minutes past nine. I would not have noticed a little defect like that if there had been anything else in the show that could possibly call for adverse criticism. As a fact, the Little Revue must be the jolliest show of its kind in Town, and I could not help noticing that the majority of the audience appeared to consist of healthy young men. And young men usually know a good thing when they have got it, even without looking at the name on the label.

PERHAPS the chief attraction for them is that part of the show described on the programme as "The Girls." In this scene the ladies of the chorus have a turn all to themselves, and I do not think I ever before met a more efficient or more intelligent company. They are a comely lot besides. The statisticians are always assuring us that figures cannot lie. And, as it says in one part of the programme—Seeing is Believing.

THIS last is the title of an original and diverting turn agreeably dominated by Mr. Jack Hulbert. A peppery Colonel—everybody knows that all Colonels are peppery, by the way—arrives at the Orderly Room, and his sword is taken from him and hung on a peg in the lobby. All at once he sees an officer going on parade without a sword, which is, of course, a "crime" of the deepest dye. He has the delinquent summoned into his presence. As the officer comes into the Orderly Room he unhooks the Colonel's sword from its peg and fixes it in his belt, and then comes before his senior with the proper kind of self-satisfied swagger. It then appears to the Colonel that he has made a mistake, and he is obliged to drop into an improvised vein of inane small-talk to supply an excuse for having called the officer in. This happens three times in succession, and when at last the Colonel's lady remarks that she has just passed an officer without a sword the Colonel corrects her sharply, insisting that he knows quite well to the contrary, since—seeing is believing. Mr. Hulbert takes the part of the Colonel most effectively, and though the story seems slight enough on description it is presented as a spirited piece of fun that keeps the house laughing all the time.

ONE of Mr. Hulbert's most successful turns is a song burlesquing the sentimental gush of the ordinary American "homely" ballad. The Americans are the first to admit that they are the most thoroughgoing nation on earth, so that it is not surprising that when they go in for a little dash of sentiment, a little of it should slop over the side. Mr. Hulbert, with a heavy moustache, appears in a quaint costume that suggests the old-fashioned commercial-traveller, and sings of "The City Blues." So partial is he to his pipe that he keeps it in his mouth as he sings, thus adding to the genial absurdity of the song. It is a genuinely comic turn, without any of the usual exaggerated striving after effect, and remains as a polite caricature of an outstanding feature of American life. The turn winds up, as may be expected, with the usual intricate step-dancing that is Mr. Hulbert's speciality, and the whole is quite a little work of art in its way.

"PASSING THE TIME" gives Miss Cicely Courtneidge an opportunity to disguise herself very completely as a poverty-stricken old woman, though in the case of such a charming young lady this seems to be a sad

VESTA SYLVA

waste of the raw material. The old woman lives in a cottage in a rural district visited by occasional motorists. As everybody knows, it has once or twice happened that tourists, calling at a country cottage, have been able to pick up for a few shillings an old picture or a piece of furniture which has subsequently proved to be of great value. This has excited the greed of other tourists, and it is a truism that demand creates supply. I am told there is a regular trade nowadays in "antiques" for rural cottages, which are turned out at wholesale rates by conscienceless cabinet-makers in the big cities. In this instance an American tourist takes a great fancy to a "grandfather's clock," which, according to his hostess, has been the property of kings, and which, after much bargaining, changes hands for a good round sum. Just how the amusing game is worked you will, no doubt, be going to see for yourselves.

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ALMOST triumphant piece of nonsense is called by the rather clumsy name of "An Horrortorio." The lights go up and reveal a typical village choir, with its very modest maidens and its bullet-headed menfolk. Vigorously conducted by Mr. Hulbert in person, the choir renders—I think that is the word—in the form of an oratorio, the modern tragedy announcing the shortage of bananas. Each member of the choir is a "character," and the turn is quite a little splash of genius in its way. At its close it was enthusiastically encored; but the principle of the Little Revue is, apparently, constant variety, and no turn is repeated for fear it should outstay its welcome.

∽

"A BROKEN Ballet" is another novelty. It is the story of the Spider and the Fly, told with an, apparently, unwarranted interruption in the middle. Mr. Bobby Howes makes a forbidding-looking Spider, and Miss Marie Arnold is a very attractive Fly. She is duly caught in the Web. While the chorus of Flies hop about in consternation, a "Voice" from the audience calls out that they have got it all wrong. We have got used to the "Voice" a good deal lately at political meetings, but I did not expect to encounter it in a well-conducted theatre. Ultimately the "Voice" proves to be Mr. Hulbert himself. Declining to admit that he ought to be thrown out as a disorderly interrupter, he climbs on the stage in full evening dress with a shiny hat to boot (if one may mix up boots and hats in this shameless manner), and thus attired in quite an original ballet costume, winds up the scene with the *première danseuse*.

JACK HULBERT IN THE CITY BLUES

MAI BACON AS GWENDOLINE

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THE scene entitled "A Safe Bet" is another little scream. At first it is the stock burglary story in which a parson trapping a burglar proves to be the arch-burglar himself, But the joke lies in the frank admission of Mr. Thomas Weguelin in front of the curtain that quite recently the company celebrated a birthday so nobly that some of them turned up at the theatre in the evening having obviously had "one over the eight." But with the traditional loyalty of the profession the artists stood by each other; and in the second version of the story we are shown how those who were a trifle under the influence strove manfully against hostile tricks of memory and the over-developed eyesight, which, I am told, is a leading feature at such exhilarating moments.

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LITTLE Revue Starts at Nine is a thing of joy from first to last, and the Girls are lovely. There is a popular tag to the effect that a Revue hoping for a long run obviously needs good legs. Judged by that standard this entertainment should be well up to Marathon form.

JINGLE

"COMMENTS on CURRENT POLITICALS AND SO FORTHS"

AN ILLUSTRATED LETTER FROM OUR JAPANESE CORRESPONDENT

MOST DEAR HON. SIR,

KINDLY once more to again tastefully print these following muses as I think them and which I shall now append.

Let us ejaculate "Banzai!" or legal Anglo-Saxon equivalent, because it are eve of Xtmas, the season of good cheers, bustings and other pleasing junkets. Also it are season of good discipline when English persons must strive to feel lovingly towards Hon. relations and suchly aged incumbents which they do not seek to enjoy in Spring, Summer and Autumn. This are what is call "familiar reunion" and must be somewhat saddish affair with concomitant weeps and blesses very affecting to observe. But after Yule tides, family persons may return to Hon. domiciles and be happy as hithertoly without making to love and bless each other and strain their affections.

Myself I anticipate to enjoy Xtmas day with Hon. friends at party function. Yet thusly so far I have experience feeling of bash when presented to delicious ladies, and turn very blushish. But I must grow more plucks, otherwisely I shall not acquire the kissings under the mistle plant and other seasonable perks. Indeedly, yes, for I love the English fairs who wear garments so very stylish and chick they do not hide too many beauties. How sweetish it might be if perhapsly one should call me "Yogo" in lieu of "Mr. Hama" and carry me to a kissing nook for some modest embracing!

Already I have purchase lessons of fox trot and other fashionable leggings for indoor sportings. How intoxicated I shall be to make 1 and 2 steps with delicate lady round my waist full of languish and palpitations. Then to sit in the gloam circumambiently, speaking sweet breaths into respective ears with hand entangles and other sweetish coys. O yes, I are glad to be in Grt. Britain now that Xtmas are here, as Hon. British poemster adumbrates so versefully. To make the correct spirit, I have persue the legends by late Hon. C. Dickens, Esq., which narrate how miserish persons meet ghosts and suchly hauntings because they do not make good cheers, but only moans. I shall not make moans to meet ghosts which I do not adore.

"I love the English fairs"

"To make 1 and 2 steps with delicate lady"

I have experience great amaze at the very many numerous street bazaar merchants which London persons call "hawks." These modest commercials are considerably dilapidate in the exteriors and are clothed in non-stylish garbs very disrepaired. They are not so very beautiful like Hon. gents in bazaar emporiums with adhesive smiles and polite garments that utter honeyish words to secure our cashes. Indeedly no, but they possess vocals of much power and tenacity very indelicate to the ear. Also I have note feminine "hawks," not very greatly alluring nor chick. Of one I make to purchase the bouncing pig for 3 pence whose delicious hops were slightly adorable. So soon as I have acquire this agile quadraped, the complete brood of "hawks," masc. and femn., surround me. I look to escape with my bouncing pig, but there are not any ways, whereforely I purchase till my arms are replete and my legs acquire staggers. As I

(Continued on page 950)

Quite Enough to Make One Reel

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

FILMING A MAN-EATING LION IN THE LIBYAN DESERT

"COMMENTS ON CURRENT POLITICALS" (*concluded*)

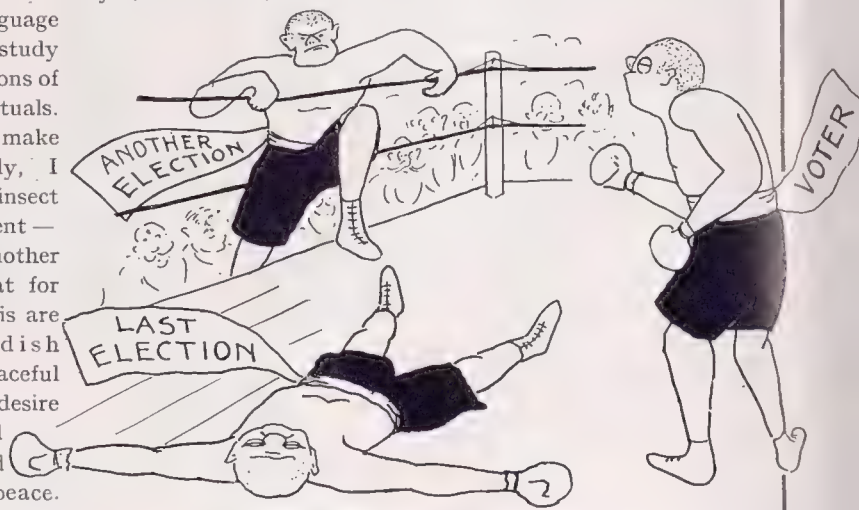
"These modest commercials are clothed in non-stylish garbs"

make my ways, unburdened persons smile their appreciation of my embarrassings, and non-refined juveniles ejaculate their impolite vernaculars to my great blushings. At lastly my philosophies suffer collapse and I dismember my purchases to these raggy muffins who seize them with gusto and mutual fistings. No, I do not think I love these "hawks" to very much extent, though I am inform they are becoming rareish. It does not cause me to weep very greatly.

The ceremonials of the Anglo Xtmas are full of perplexes to foreign persons of recent date. It cost 5 years to correctly learn our Japanese tea ceremonial, but how many of years shall it require to comprehend Hon. ritual of Xtmas? Alreadily errand juveniles, washing lady and other industrial persons ask of me the "Xtmas box." Of what box do they seek, I require? I do not yetly assimilate all these British boxes—the punch box which hits the nose, yes; him I have painfully acquire. But also there is the hunt box for killing a fox, the shoot box for catching fowls in the air, the theatrical box, the ear box, the carriage seat box, the garden herb box, the ballot box, the box with cox—and now the Xtmas box! O yes, I commune, the British language are not a rest study for foreign persons of modest intellectuals.

But let us make jolly for, alasly, I smell a small insect in the ointment—I read talk of another election combat for the poles. This are indeedly saddish news for peaceful persons who desire only to feel happy and depart in peace. Perhapsly Hon. citizens shall get mad and send all the politicals to jails with other birds of the kidnnies till they swear promises to be good and happy as other persons. In historic days, Majesties decapitated all the heads of troublish politicals, which were very easy and quick dealing and gave good sportings to Hon. citizens after work. But the Preventing of Cruelty Socities will not allow it any more in Grt. Britain, so Hon. politicals can now enjoy their old ages to write memories and die very rich. Let us hope these Hon. politicals shall consume so many seasonable good cheers that they acquire dyspeptics and other Xtmas wind pains, so they shall not possess requisite strengths to fight more poles. That shall be a very goodish thing, and make everyone jolly.

I have acquire much admirations for British sportings like the footbladder, tennis batting, billiards and pool and other athletics. But I prefer greatly the footbladder game when performed by ruggers, as it possesses more excitements and bloodsheds than the soccing play which are rather ladylikeish and gentle with almostly nil % of griefs. Greatly I would desire to observe the rugging spectacle between the Scotsland *v.* France on the New Year day.



"Another election combat for the poles"

We must hope the Scotters shall remove all possible spots from the Galls and return covered with goals to nils and other triumphs in great profligacy. Then I shall ejaculate "*viva la* footbladder" and hip 3 times for the Scotsmens.

Hoping, Hon. Sir, that you shall experience a very nutritious Xtmas day and many delicious returns of 1923-24, I remain continuously,

Yogo Hama

"The rugging spectacle between the Scotsland v. France"

A Useful Book

A feature of the 1924 edition of *Kelly's Handbook to the Titled, Landed and Official Classes* (*Kelly's Directories, Ltd.*, 30s.) is the number of prominent business men who are included. The information in each entry has also been considerably amplified by the number of sons and daughters and the place of education. This considerably enhances the value of this very useful guide, which contains all the features that have gained for it a place of its own in the vast library of annual reference books.

BY JEAN HARDY

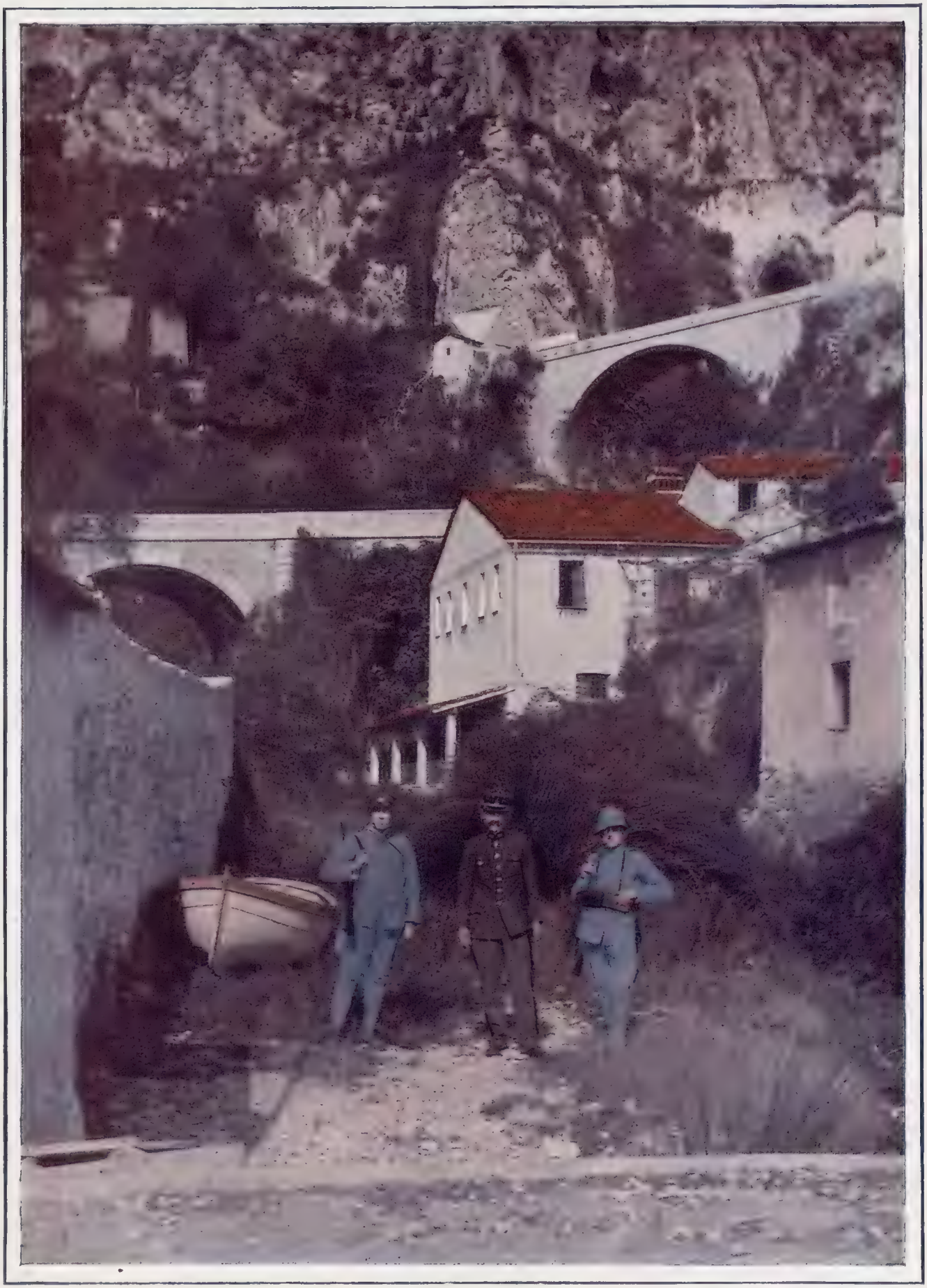
MISTLETOE

DIANA OF TH

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

SHOPLANDS

Specially Posed for The Bystander



Photograph *A. S. Allberry*

A TALE OF TWO—COUNTRIES

Italian and French Guards at the Pont St. Louis, the tiny bridge over the ravine which forms the frontier line between Italy and France. Just to the left above the bridge may be seen the white triangular sign mark of the International boundary, so placed in order to be seen from the sea

THE NINETY-AND-NINE

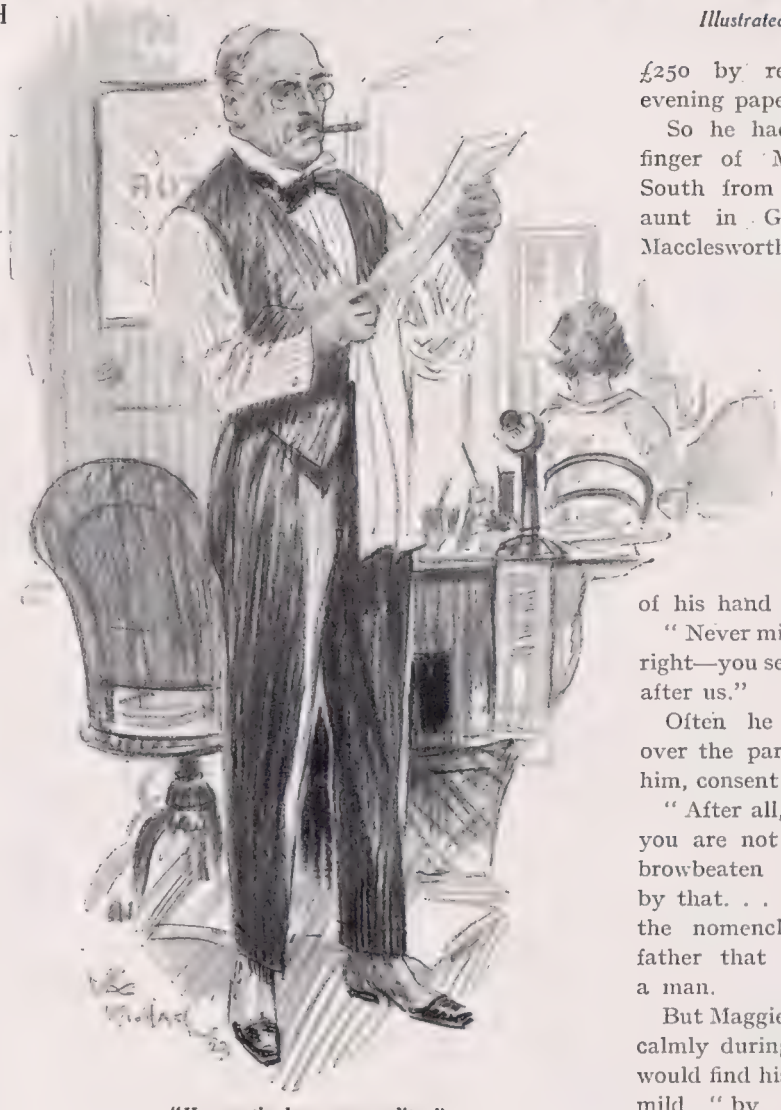
By DELL LEIGH

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

STONOR had grown to hate the town and all its people with a corroding, venomous hatred. A hatred bred of failure.

Its drab, monotonous factories clanged a discord of industrial melody by day upon the ears of unoffending man, and by night its people thanked God they were not as other men are, nor even as the Framptonians, who belched smoke from their factories upon the far horizon.

Nothing was ever wrong with Macclesworth, according to the Macclesworthians, who throve and grew aggressively fat upon its fœtid atmospheres. They even had the presumption to call themselves *Macclesworthians*, not leaving that graceful compliment to others. For sheer, downright self-satisfaction and self-interest, Macclesworth, and those who lived, moved and vented their foolish opinions within its boundaries, was the most obnoxious manufacturing centre in Great Britain.



"He was the busy owner editor"

At least, so Stonor thought.

He was thinking so now, digging viciously into a wad of blotting-paper with a Macclesworth nib. They made nibs in Macclesworth by the hundred million. Was there anything they did not make? Except broad-minded men of vision, and fair, gentle women. Stonor thanked an inscrutable deity often enough that Maggie was not a Macclesworthian. Thanked the same deity that she was from the pure-breathing Scotch Highlands (like himself), and only here in the accursed place by necessity. Because her old granite-slab of a father owned, administered, and trumpeted his bigotries through the daily voice of the *Macclesworth Mercury*. *What* a paper!

After all, Maggie was the only cord that tied Stonor to this prison of a place. That was why he had bought the rival paper, the *Beacon*, with two-thirds of his capital, and had watched the steady attrition of its circulation ever since. That, and the set-mouth desire to get a jab or two at this horror of a father, who would not even discuss the preliminaries of a nebulous marriage to Maggie with a man who had no fixed prospects and a laughable amount of capital. Quoth the old reptile:

"You go away and make some money, my lad—Colonies for choice. You've got plenty of energy if you care to make use of it; then come back and talk—when you've got something to say—and Maggie has found her feet a bit. You can't expect sense from a girl of nineteen—now we won't argue about it, if you *don't* mind——"

What was Stonor to do? You can't talk down a thin-lipped Scotsman when he is wealthy, and when your private income is about £200 a year, and you are making a precarious £250 by reporting for a Glasgow evening paper.

So he had followed the beckoning finger of Maggie when she came South from a long sojourn with her aunt in Glasgow to the inimical Macclesworth roof; seeking inspiration by day as to the trebling of his capital (which any Macclesworthian could have told him was impossible this side of forty, unless you were a rogue), and surreptitious comfort by night in the gloom of cinemas with Maggie, who would pat the back of his hand gently, and say:

"Never mind, darling, it will all come right—you see. The little gods will look after us."

Often he had urged her to kick over the parental traces and to marry him, consent or no consent.

"After all, we can *live*. . . . Surely you are not going to be bullied and browbeaten any longer by that . . . by that. . . ." He burned to employ the nomenclature to her flint-faced father that he would have used to a man.

But Maggie's grey eyes appraised him calmly during these outbursts, and he would find his voice trailing off into the mild "by that difficult father of yours?"

Being Scotch, and practical from the crown of her dear copper-brown head to the soles of her ridiculously small feet, Maggie Macdonald saw no particular merit in joining together in holy matrimony, even with a fellow-countryman, "on practically nothing," when, if parental objection could be overcome, she had reason to believe she could bring a goodly dowry to the altar as her portion.

But this was all before Jim, with set face and without consulting her, had plunged wildly in off the deepest end and bought the moribund *Beacon* for a song, "and a flat song at that," as its disgusted owner had remarked.

On hearing the news Andrew Macdonald had lowered his own paper at the paternal end of the breakfast table, and with cold eyes peeping above the rim of his glasses had said, "I always told ye the lad was a fool, Mag: now you know."

(*All rights strictly reserved.*)

And Jim's name was not broached in the Macdonald household thereafter.

If Andrew Macdonald had taken the trouble to study the set of Jim Stonor's chin a little more carefully before dismissing him from the list of eligibles, he might have realised that the young man was of those who never know they are beaten while they still have breath. But he was the busy Owner and Editor of the *Macclesworth Mercury*, a man of deep affairs, with a "special correspondent" (news agency, but Macclesworthians did not know that) in London, Paris and New York, and was not to be bothered with trifling details. In his view Jim Stonor was a trifling detail.

Nevertheless, being a man who believed in the axiom about getting in the first blow, Macdonald immediately brought heavy guns to bear in the matter of a reduced advertisement tariff; liberal insurance benefits

"I always told ye the lad was a fool, Mag.; now you know"

to all Macclesworthians employed in factories (about 73 per cent. of the population); and the munificent sum of £300 to the reader who prophesied most accurately the goal fortunes throughout the season of the Macclesworth United in the 3rd (Midland) Division of the League.

These were nerve-shattering blows to Jim and Maggie.

They had replied gamely with "features" of their own. An attractive and original "Woman's Page" (Maggie) "Tic-Tac Talks to Punters" (Jim). A series of sprightly comments on Life: "The Modern Wife, by The Modern Husband" (a duet). But despite the flow of youthful energy and enthusiasm that watered its roots daily, the *Beacon's* flower began to wilt and fade. Its circulation reached a certain point, higher than its previous owner had ever been able to nudge it, stayed there, shook, and began to slide. When the circulation of a newspaper begins to slide downwards it gathers a horrible momentum very quickly, and only a genius with a damming weight of wealth behind him can steady and divert the progress of the avalanche.

This was the ominous truth which was being relentlessly thrust before the frowning eyes of Jim Stonor as he sat prodding the editorial blotting paper disgustedly in what Maggie described proudly to her women friends as his "sanctum." He had boiled the whole dwindling question down to three alternatives.

(1) Fresh capital, and lots of it. That was useless. There were no flies on Macclesworthians; weren't they always saying so? Where else could one go? (2) Amalgamation with the *Mercury*, which meant absorption and defeat, open and avowed; even if the old man would consider it, which was doubtful. (3) Something so startlingly original (at very little, if any, expense) that would turn the tide of failure into the long-coveted and now hopeless prospect of "steadily increasing net sales. . . ."

Old Bustard, the leader writer on the Glasgow *Spectator*, had said once to him, confidingly, after his third whisky, paid for by Jim:

"It's the psychology of the newspaper reader you've got to study, lad. They're queer bodies, readers—snobs, too, most of 'em, whatever the class. . . ."

And then the nib ceased its mechanical dagger thrusts into woolly blotting paper. Penholder remained poised in air. The idea came to him with a pyrotechnic crash. The revolving editorial chair was nearly wrenched from its base as he slewed round to his feet. Why not? . . . What did it matter now? . . . You never know. . . . It might. . . .

He jerked off the telephone receiver and said to the girl on the switchboard:

"I want Mr. Ackroyd. And I want him quick. Now, if he can."

Mr. Ackroyd, of Ackroyd, Peterson and Ackroyd, Chartered Accountants, could—and did.

. . . . . .

Reflect, therefore, upon the feelings of amusement, incredulity and astonishment a few days later when the few industrious and extremely respectable, not to say well bred, readers of the *Beacon* saw at the breakfast table, on the placards of sandwichmen as they went to work, and on prominent hoardings throughout the day, the unusual and striking announcement:

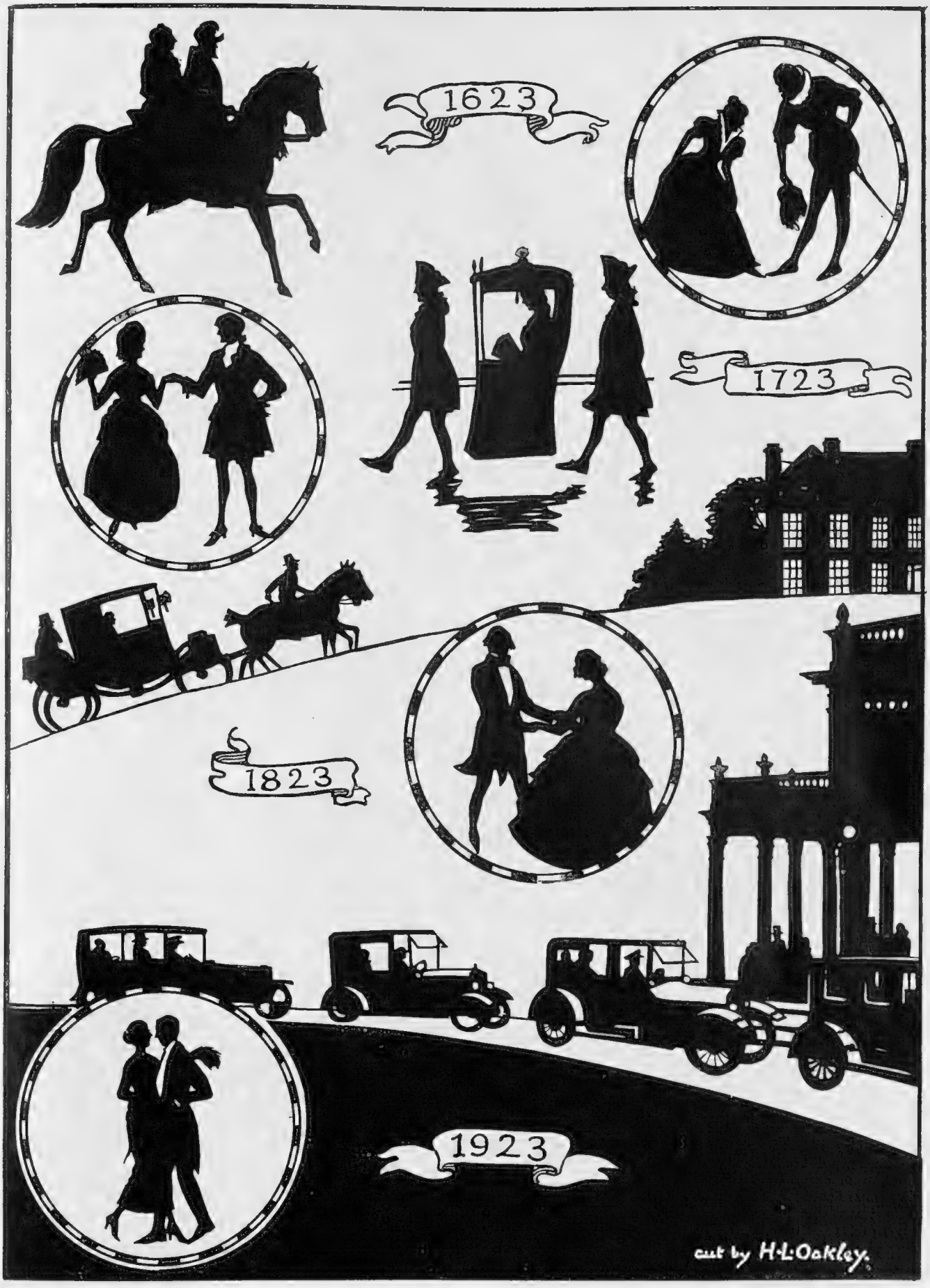
"THE BEACON"
Lowest Circulation
On Record
Thank God!

The news page of the *Beacon*, when hastily unfolded, explained tersely, but with a strain of obvious satisfaction running through the sentences, that:

We have no small sense of pride in announcing that we find ourselves in possession of the smallest daily circulation of any newspaper in Great Britain. This is a matter not only of great gratification to the shareholders and the staff, but will, we feel confident, elicit the same sense of justifiable satisfaction from our carefully selected circle of readers. It is a well-known truism that in all communities throughout the world, and throughout history, the intelligent, clear-thinking, polished peoples are in the smallest of small minorities. In America, the society that counts is contained within the narrow circle of 400 souls. Arnold Bennett, the great writer, has affirmed (and we assume a man in his position must know) that the intelligentia of London is limited to 5,000, amid a population of seven and a half millions. In France, that distinguished satirist of French foibles, Monsieur Pourquoipas, has declared in the columns of *La Transparence* that the *haut ton* of Paris is a mere 2,000 of the population. Here, in Macclesworth, the *Beacon* is subscribed to by a faithful

(*Continued on page 958*)

Fêteful Days at Christmastide



SILHOUETTES BY H. L. OAKLEY

TEN, TWENTY, THIRTY, LONG DECADES AGO—AND NOW

"The Beacon's flower began to wilt and fade"

99 select readers *per diem* regularly. We do not approve of the word "select," but are forced to its use by facts. Thus showing that in this city at least, we have a *coterie* of self-effacing, well-bred, intelligent people of affairs, who, despite the coarse jargon and clap-trap of contemporary publications which is thrust before them with such assiduity, prefer the restrained columns of the *Beacon* as giving them the tone of thought and the lofty point of view they understand, and to which by upbringing they are accustomed. The point of view, as it were, of the Patrician as opposed to the clamourings of the populace. Our readers may be likened to the ninety and nine just men. We desire nothing better. . . ."

Followed by Messrs. Ackroyd, Peterson and Ackroyd's certificate that ninety-nine was the present certified daily net sale of the *Beacon*, whose books they had the honour to audit half-yearly.

Operatives, swinging their legs on canteen tables at factories during the dinner hour, mocked with full mouths, saying:

"What'cher know 'bout *that*?" etc.

Not so the villadom, outlying districts and "fashionable residential quarters" of Macclesworth. They did anything but mock. They bought the paper. To-morrow and the next day, and the day after that. Not, be it understood, because of the announcement about the select circulation (they did not like the word "select"; thought it rather vulgar), but because they always *had* taken in the *Beacon*.

"Yes, didn't you know? Oh, yes, we've always had the *Beacon*. You saw the *Mercury* when you were here last? Very likely. Father always takes in the *Mercury* because of the Stock Exchange quotations—or something. But we've always *had* the *Beacon*, of course; dear little paper. So pleasant, don't you think, because it isn't sensational like the *Mercury*? Just quiet, accurate and sel—solid."

. . . . .

When the presses of the *Beacon* had been working full time and overtime for several months, and when Andrew Macdonald saw going past his office window, for the second time that morning, a lorry piled high with rolls of paper from the mills, marked:

"THE BEACON"
For the Few and
Far Between

he went grimly to the telephone.

"Young man," he said, presently, looking sternly at his visitor, "y'r smarter than I gave ye credit for. What's y'r price for that snobby paper o' yours?"

Andrew's *Mercury* wanted the monopoly of local culture, and was losing it, heavily and rapidly.

Jim Stonor named a price far in excess of what he had paid for it, and what its revived circulation was worth, adding: "And Maggie. She's a primary condition of sale. Though I don't want to sell, I don't mind telling you, Mr. Macdonald, not a little bit; quite the contrary."

"Now talk sense, my boy, for heaven's sake, or we shall have to cut short your interview, as we have cut short several others."

"*Your* interview, you mean," hit back Jim, collecting gloves and hat.

"I don't mean about Maggie," replied the great man a shade hastily, "she's old enough to know better—still, she must have her own way, I suppose. I'm tired of the subject. No; I mean let's drop idealistic theories about the *Beacon* and come down to the realms of practical business. My view of the matter is just this. . . ."

And here we may leave them, because they proceeded at great and boring length, but according to the best traditions of Macclesworth. Which, as you know, is a city of close bargainers.

The closest in the Midlands.

DELL LEIGH

Best Bibs and Tuckers with the Old Berkeley

MR. W. RAIT AND MISS AILEEN LETHERMAN

CAPTAIN METHUEN AND A FRIEND

Photographs *Topical*

MISS T. FOWLER, MR. D. A. RECORDON, MISS V. BENNETT AND MR. A. F. BELL

The Old Berkeley Hunt Ball, which was held at Shardeloes, the Amersham home of the Master, Mr. E. Tyrwhitt Drake, attracted some four hundred guests, who kept on keeping on to the "wee sma'" with all the traditional gaiety

A New Way to Lunch or Dine Well

By "RENÉ." *Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN*

"Who gets the most *bons mots*"

MES AMIS—

ONE has been in the hot water. There is the epidemic of contentiousness among the people who have had the mention. After the green and yellow tiehards, who have threatened the strangulation, has come a mutual friend to tell me that Van Dongen, the painter, is cross because I have said he is tall and thin. But I have never said a thing about Van Dongen for quite the long time. Through a cold I have been prevented to accept his invitation to the last *vernissage* at his home, and as I have not been there I have not written about it.

ONE could understand that he might be cross because I have not responded. But one absence would not make me forget his size and shape. I can assure him that he was neither tall, nor noticeably thin, when I have last seen him, and am ready to accept his word that he has neither grown taller nor thinner. Someone may have mistaken Domergue, though he is scarcely tall, for Van Dongen; but I refuse to take the responsibility.

THEN comes Basil Woon, the author, to protest that he is not an eccentric diner. Wrath has been very busy whirling around me. However, this has led to one of the most queer, but most excellent, lunches that I have ever savoured in Paris, so the consolations are adequate. Woon has pressed the theory that the only perfect way to procure the faultless food is to go to a number of restaurants and eat only the speciality for which each is most famous.

SUPPORTED by Jed Kiley, patron of the newest *dancing* "Montmartre Frolics," I have disagreed. We have stoutly combated for Voisin, Paillard, the Tour d'Argent, La Perouse. But as the theorist has volunteered to provide the proof there has been unanimity about the need for a test, as the hour was lunch-time. *Voici le programme* (but I warn anyone who may try to repeat it that it is only fine if you do not weaken): Cocktail Woon at the New York Bar (gin-fizz with *anis del oso*—long, but effective *apéritif*).

HORS d'œuvre at the Brasserie Universelle. No *commentaires*. For everybody has had his individual say over the *hors d'œuvre* of the Universelle. Oysters *au gratin* at Drouant. Only reflection about this is how the theorist contrived to drag us back to the taxi, which he had engaged for the afternoon. But then came the *boite surprise*. We had expected the car to pull up after a few turns, but on it jogged up the Champs Elysées and through the Maillot gate until we found ourselves in Neuilly. The suburbs for chicken! We began to worry about the eccentricities of the pilot. Yet he smiled serenely. At the bistro-like Café de Progres he asked for the *poulet au chasseur trempé*, which he had commanded by telephone.

"Attends-moi sous l'horloge"

ONE nibble of this and Woon was restored to grace, but there were cold glances for Kiley, who had suggested to pause *chez* Prunier for sole. Only the *camaraderie* of artists in feasts has saved him from the sacrifice of his share of chicken to the others. The *poulet* regretfully finished, another long run to the Tour d'Argent for *soufflé au chocolat*. No waste of words about this. Like the pressed duck, it is known as far as Main Street. But perhaps the café at the bar of Poccardi, the next halt, is untasted by you. If so, make good the omission on your next week-end and you do not need to let me have your appreciations.

BASIL had reserved a brilliant finish with *cognac* from the wood at the Auberge du Clou. Tried *gourmets*, we have admitted that he has proved his theory—to the extent that the meal could not have been excelled. Somebody has even said—what I am sure you will forgive—Woonderful lunch! Also has it led to further experiments. Ferdinand Tuohy,

"The good dancing men you have at your Embassy"

who gets the most *bons mots* in despatches, has challenged the cognac of the *Clou* on behalf of the venerable brandy of La Perouse, which has rapturous champions in every capital.

So there has had to be acceptance, with the result of a piquant coincidence over an idea. Tuohy has suggested to the *patron* that, as the big event of the summer season, he should build a frigate after the model of that of the great navigator La Perouse, moor it in the Seine just in front of the restaurant, and organise a series of *diners de fête*. The jolly old *patron* revealed that he had just concluded arrangements to carry out precisely that programme, and that the *fêtes* are to be held in May. So shall we all be there.

Chers amis, I have not been so acutely aware before what amazingly good dancing-men you have at your Embassy in this capital, nor how unanimously they are appreciated by the partners who make the cult of the best. We have known for long, of course, that they have not the equals as diplomatists, but one doubts if it has been understood that they carried the tradition of perfection so consistently as to include the *salons de thé*. At a gathering—safe word—the other night, your Bystander has noted the unassailable supremacy of the men from the Embassy and the disappointed looks of those who have had to be content with others. Ladies of London, you have the reason for the unstinted pride over your attachés—but, perhaps, I had better not say too much about that or you might wish for them to return, and we prefer them to remain.

"The most fashionable thing in furs"

Saint-Granier, the repartee comedian, has called upon himself quite a little storm of criticism from those incorrigible persons who feel it is their duty to declaim in defence of the *jeune fille*. Thousands of postcards have been delivered at *appartements* in Paris, with the intriguing message, "*Attends-moi sous l'horloge, et, surtout, attention à l'homme du dancing.*" Since, it has been learned that these are the titles of two of the new songs which Saint-Granier has to sing in a revue. For most people, the postcard is a piece of somewhat stupid, and not very effective, publicity; but for the uncles of the *jeunes filles* it is a far more terrible affair.

Hundreds of them, is their plaint, may have been lured under the clock, only to escape by the play of chance from the clutches of some villain who might have magnetic eyes like those of a man from the *dancing*. *Quelle horreur!* But if either Marcel or I know the *jeune fille*, she is not likely, in these enlightened days, to while away many moments under a station clock in the hope to be enthralled by the gaze of a *gigolo*. *En plus*, the *gigolo* does appear to be on the receding side of his wave of popularity. It is doubtful if the postcard has done much good for the revue, but it is certain that it has caused no tremor to the capable and well-equipped *jeune fille*.

Overheard in Montmartre: Elle—"Do you like the breitschwantz?" Lui—"Oh, yes, indeed, I love all the new dances. Shall we, now?" Elle (*with chilly mien*)—"Breitschwantz is the most fashionable thing in furs. I should have shown you my new *cape*, but you are *too* tiresome." René

"THE HOW-D'YE-DOS"

A versatile troupe of entertainers who have been appearing in Madras during the recent hot season. They are members of the Madras Dramatic Society, probably the oldest society of its kind in India. The producer is Mr. Hugh Papworth, who, before the war, was a frequent performer at the famous Barn Theatre on the Countess of Warwick's estate at Easton

All Things Considered

By HARTLEY CARRICK

GREETINGS

Where'er you be,
In Cannes or Kew,
At Leigh-on-Sea,
Pau or Peru,
Now '23
Is nearly through,
Accept from me
Your New Year's due!

. . . . . .

IT is only at this season of the year that we realise to what an extent Presents endear Absents.

. . . . . .

ALSO, it is curious to note the number of men who, though they never spend a penny on drink, can yet take any *given* quantity.

. . . . . .

IT is said that when Parliament re-assembles in January, the Prime Minister will formally announce the verdict of the country, "Guilty but Insane!"

. . . . . .

DURING the Parliamentary session, it will also be interesting to notice whether the Labour Party will indulge in fur-lined Whips.

. . . . . .

THE scene was an Irish Court House. "Gentlemen of the jury," cried the usher, "please take your rightful places in the court." And with one accord the twelve good men and true trooped into the dock!

. . . . . .

IF you want to make a Scotsman laugh, tell him a good story—when he's young!

. . . . . .

THE principal of a girl's high school in Sussex who allowed her pupils to rehearse *The Doll's House*, thinking it to be a children's pantomime, regrets her decision.

A GENTLEMAN with no other qualifications has been elected a member of the New York Four Hundred. This is regarded by the old members as a Smart Set-back.

. . . . . .

"SULTANAS are not necessary ingredients of a plum pudding," states a cookery book. But most small boys think they are the *raison d'être* of its existence.

. . . . . .

"BUT if you never liked the girl, why did you get engaged to her?"

"Well," replied his pal, "I was in Glasgow. And it was on a Sunday. And it was raining——"

. . . . . .

THE bobbed 'Air Force are to the fore again. If you see two flappers gazing earnestly at the latest *modes* in the hairdressers' shops, you may be sure there are two minds with but a shingle thought.

. . . . . .

A SCHOOL debating society recently carried by a large majority the following resolution: "That this house deplores the inability of the late Mr. Guy Fawkes to blow up the Houses of Parliament."

. . . . . .

THREE football enclosures have been closed on account of the behaviour of the spectators. Three excellent grounds of complaint!

. . . . . .

SIR CHARLES HIGHAM asks, "Could advertising popularise Shakespeare?" Of course it could. We are certain that Mr. Gordon Selfridge would make the Bard a great counter attraction.

. . . . . .

THIS year in London, pantos are few and far between. Old playgoers will regret missing the chance of seeing some budding Cinderellaline Terriss, or of hearing Jack and the old bean's talk. Still—

Although I frankly must confess
I loved the widow Twanky,
Who would so gaily effervesce
With tricky hanky-panky,
We shall not miss that
phantom mime
While we have Peter Pan
to mime!

. . . . . .

MR. BERNARD SHAW says that when he fancies some underdone meat he has it. We always suspected G.B.S. of having a steak in the country.

. . . . . .

THE report that Germany is re-arming is said to be without foundation. But it would be like her impotence to try it on.

. . . . . .

A YORKSHIRE steeplejack, who was insecurely roped by his mate, is lying seriously injured. His mate seems to have let him down badly.

. . . . . .

WE are glad that Mr. Thomas Hardy, O.M., has again published a play to be acted by the Dorchester Village Company. We could do with some more of these hardy annuals.

. . . . . .

JUST now there is a great demand for almanacks. "Letts we forget," we suppose.

By STAN TERRY

CHRISTMAS "EVE"

"Are you going to hang your stockings up to-night?"
"No—The chief thing I got in them last year was ladders!"

Our Traffic Problems

BY BERT THOMAS

"Hi! Where's yer rear light?"
"Rear light be blowed! Where's me blinkin' trailer?"

LOOKING AHEAD. By Blanchette

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE

"Communicating with other planets"

LONDON, *December* 20

DEAR COUSIN—

DON'T know whether it's 'cos of the optimism superinduced by having bought my very last Christmas present, and got everything all over bar the shouting, and just sort of sitting back now with folded hands and a virtuous feeling, all ready for the plums to come along. . . . But, somehow, am quite peacefully and Olympianly surveying the world to-day, spite of the urgent imminence of all the 'citing festivities of the season.

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PARTLY, p'raps, it's 'cos of looking ahead. Not the mere ordinary kind, I don't mean, like projecting one's thoughts out somewhere in the direcsh. of January 8 and prophesying what'll happen if we get a Labour Government. . . . No. Nothing quite so near and disturbing as that. Naught less than fifty years, at the very least, and mostly well into the hundreds, is the vista of me and Prof. Haldane, a fearf'ly famous Oxford biologist or something, who's just been telling us all about all the marvellous things that are to happen and—

> Of the wonderful days a-coming
> When all shall be better than well,

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AT least I s'pose that's what one *ought* to think about it, and it cert'nly all sounds terribly thrilling, and some ways fascinatingly nice. F'rinstance, in only a mere fifty years or so, says the Prof., our electric light's going to cost us about a fiftieth of the present price. . . . And if the same applies to gas, too, won't it be a little bit of all right, as I'm told they still say in some of the best circles somewhere eastward of the Strand and southward of the River Thames?

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ALSO, just a few hundred years hence we shall get all the power we want from little rows of windmills all busily working electric motors that turn out about a billion volts, or whatever they call it, a minute. And if you want to meet anyone anywhere any moment, 'stead of telephoning or taking a train to Southend or a boat to India, you just press a button (or two) and in 'bout one fifteen-hundredth of a second (they refuse to be more exact than that) you'll be sort of flashed together and either holding hands or calling each other "cat," as the case may be.

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ISN'T it a lovely prospect? But there's even better — or worse — than that promised us in the very latest prophecy. There's going to be, for one thing, all sorts of 'pletely harmless and non-alcoholic "stimulants" on tap at all the restaurants and places—only I don't much think, somehow, there'll be very many of *those* about then. Acid sodium phosphate, 'parently, is the new and much more highbrow and disinfective dope that's to take the place of mere Mumm and banal Bollinger, and all the other hitherto recognised brands. Doesn't it sound exciting?

NICE little magnum of acid sodium phosphate would go down well, methinks, at the Metropole Follies, f'rinstance, or the Queen's Hall Roof or Grafton Gals at one of their late nights. Seeing that it "increases a man's capacity for prolonged muscular work" —or, 'n other words, dancing foxtrots and blues—by about 20 per cent. And has been discovered, in the case of other workers, to have "a very great effect on their output." No more sitting out, ever, with impatiently tapping foot, while the band's seductively playing "My Sweetie," just 'cos of partner's 'tending he's been working rather hard in the City, or somewhere, all day. . . . A little dollop of a.s.p. suitably and seductively served up in a test-tube will put all *that* right—what?

"Little rows of windmills"

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AND disease is to be absolutely 'bolished. . . . And we shall be communicating with all the other planets—prob'ly arranging conferences with 'em every week or so, about the important international situation created by the assassination of an Archduke in Arcturus or the fall of the mark in Mars. . . . And, above all (date fixed at only about 300 years hence), it's going to be arranged that we shall "artificially produce complete human beings"—without any of the usual complications of marriage and so on, which have a way of producing so much general trouble and worry, don't they?

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WHICH rather reminds me of a perfectly lovely new book I've just been reading, by Anthony Ludovici, called *French Beans*. Wherein the handsome heroine is a leading member of the Society for the Supersession of Man, or words to that effect, and it's proved to the society's entire satisfaction that "our evolution ought to follow that of the bees," and that man, sooner or later, 'll be completely eliminated from the scheme of things. . . .

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ONLY, unfortunately, aforesaid heroine suddenly and quite unexplainably falls victim to a perfect pash for the, I'm 'fraid, fearf'ly naughty hero, who has all sorts of reactionary ideas about women being kind of handmaids and complements of man, and man being sort of ditto ditto to women, and —oh, it's all awfully disturbing, really, you know, to all these nice idealistic projects about "ectogenesis," or whatever the scientific people have christened their quite too sweet and perfectly good and idealistic idea. . . .

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SENTIMENT—it's quite too dreadful the way these old, old ancestral traditions ('cos, of course, that's all they really are) keep on butting in and spoiling our beautifully calm and cool and reasoned theories of the present, and prophecies of the

far-off and stainless future. Must confess I love sentiment meself, and simply wallow, *par exemple*, in all the rich musical sentimentality of plays like *The Immortal Hour*, that they've been giving again at the Regent. Wherein you let your inner self loose, as it were, to wander in all the vague regions of beauty and imagination, with even a tear or two, pr'aps, now and then, in your sentimental eyes. . . . But I 'spect a dose or two of acid sodium phospate 'd soon cure you radically and drastically of *that*.

ANYWAY though, am feeling now very loftily and superiorly prepared — having had a glimpse into the slightly chilly future arranged for all the best of us—to take quite a fairly human interest (seeing that they won't last more than another century or so) in the perfectly feeble and futile revelries of the immediate moment and the prospectively doomed enjoyments that lie immediately ahead.

E.G., for instance, and that is to say, am not at all unduly appalled (considering the vista of utilitarian perfection that unfolds itself further on) by the merely mundane idea of a painfully old-fashioned Christmas Day at home, complete with turkey, tree, presents and all. . . . Or of a d'lightful Boxing Day revel at the Belgravia, where we're going to have a great and glorious fancy dress carnival, presided over by Frances Carson and Isabel Jeans and Mary Merrall and . . . Alas! dear pretty little Meggie Albanesi was to have been there, too, but whom the gods love. . . .

AND just a few days hence to see the New Year in, there's to be the best and brightest ball of all the whole dozen of months—the Chelsea Arts one at the Albert Hall. Which they keep on keeping on inventing new stunts for—latest one, I believe's, to introduce to the revelries Felix the Cat and a (more or less) real Christmas goose, also mummers of ye anciente time, but, of course, it's you and me and all the rest of us that're really the most 'portant part of the show. I mean, perfectly wonderful, isn't it, how pos'tively *every* one does seem somehow to turn up and blow in for it, and you meet old friends you haven't seen for years—like they say the country parsons always do when they come up from Muddlecombe Parva or the distant fastnesses of Grantchester, on their annual visit to the 'Varsity match at Lord's. . . .

"No more sitting out"

WONDER, by the way, if they'll introduce at the Alb. Hall *the* very latest thing in the way of stunts that Lyons's are just starting at the Troc. and places, to wit, and that is to say, a new sort of combination of music and colour. Idea being, as Mr. W. J. Wilson, of *Decameron Nights* fame, puts it (who's running this bad bold plan) to "get the atmosphere" of the music by all sorts of changing colour schemes on screens and things on the bandstand, so's to stimulate and exhilarate, as you might say, your eye as well as your ear.

RATHER intriguing idea, isn't it? Pink, shot in the mauve, I should think, for Chaminade. . . . a deep rich crimson or purple for Wagner . . . Beethoven in deep blue and all the colours of the rainbow for Strauss. . . . Though for Schönberg, I 'spose you'd have to get in a very extra special panto-post-futurist, or someone, to invent some altogether new colour scheme, with hitherto quite unheard of dots and spots. . . . ?

BUT in the new scheme of things, with all the patent power schemes and artificial humans, and all the rest of it, I 'spose there won't be any room for anything so merely frivolous as all that. Rather refreshing thought, isn't it, come to think of it, that by that time we shall quite possibly be——well, on the side of the angels, as they say?

With love, yours ever, BLANCHETTE

"Boxing Night at the Belgravia"

SPORT *of the* WEEK

Photograph *L.N.A.*

THE OXFORD CROSS COUNTRY TEAM

Winners of the Oxford *v.* Cambridge Cross Country race held as usual over the seven miles course at Roehampton. L. to R. (standing): A. Yates, K. H. Bell, F. A. Montague; (seated), P. H. M. Bryant, N. A. McInnes, C. B. E. Morgan. On the right of this picture (in the oval), T. C. Fooks (Cambridge), who was the first man home, is seen breaking the tape. He finished quite fresh but did not beat the record time set up by McInnes last year, 41 min. 29 3-5 sec. McInnes (third), sacrificed himself to some extent in order to "nurse" his team and succeeded so well that they won by 22 points to 33.

Photograph *Sport & General*

T. C. FOOKS (Cambridge)

Photograph *Central Press*

TUNING UP FOR THE BOBSLEIGH DERBY

Once a jockey of renown, Mr. J. H. Martin has latterly devoted his energies in winter to the "running" of his now world-famous American bobsleigh team, ycleept the "Scarlet Runners." They are here seen out for an exercise gallop at St. Moritz, where the clerk of the weather has done almost all that was expected of him in the matter of providing, with fair punctuality, the basic necessaries for the pursuit of Winter Sports

tographs

A SNAPSHOT AT LEMON-TIME

Three exceedingly "Probable" forwards—R. Edwards (left), A. Robson and W. W. Wakefield—at the International "Ruiger" trial in which the "Probables" beat the "Possibles" at Coventry. They have been chosen to represent England in the final trial

Sport and General

"WHAT I HAVE I HOLD"

Capt. T. O. Jameson (left) holder of the Squash Rackets Championship, who retained his title after a hard match with C. Browning (right) at the Bath Club last Monday. Captain Jameson is also holder of the Army Rackets Championship

Photograph *Central Press*

OVER THE "TOP"

Howard Nicholson jumps over the head of Miss Katie Nicholson while she indulges in a "soin" in the course of an exhibition of stunt skating by these accomplished artists on the grand rink at St. Moritz

Photograph *Topical*

THE MOST DISTINGUISHED ORDER OF THE BATH

The six Ladies who competed for the supreme honour of being the lady champion at swimming of the Bath Club. (Standing left to right): Miss M. M. Evans, Miss H. Holman (winner), Lady Mary Ashley Cooper. (Seated): Miss Bruce-Dick, Miss G. Mundey (third) and Miss Betty Fripp (second).

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

All's Well

EVENTS move so swiftly that the great bloodstock sales at Newmarket may now be regarded as ancient history. But I have had no previous opportunity of referring to them, and I should like to record the immense gratification which the wonderful results have given to everybody interested in racing and breeding affairs. All's well with the Turf when thoroughbreds make such fine prices. When we survey the enormous catalogues on the eve of the December sales each year, we find ourselves wondering where all the buyers are to come from. Yet invariably they turn up satisfactorily, and this year's results were a long way above the average. The prices prove that in spite of political, international and commercial troubles, there is still plenty of money about for well-bred horses. Not far short of £400,000 changed hands during the week, and though plenty of buyers were present from America and elsewhere, it was delightful to see nearly all the best lots retained in England. Lord Dewar, Lord Woolavington, Sir Alec Black, Lord Glanely, were among the most prominent buyers. Although they each laid out a good deal of money at the sales, I think they secured pretty good value for it in most cases.

Epinard's Future

ACCORDING to reports lately cabled from New York, M. Pierre Wertheimer appears quite willing to send Epinard to race on the American Turf in the coming year. This knocks on the head the notion that nobody would be plucky enough to follow Mr. Ben Irish's example.

Photograph *A. Whitton*

WELL UP TO THE "SCRATCH" AT KHARTOUM

The "Scratch Side" who, with a handicap of two goals, defeated the Veterinary Dept, Egyptian Army, by 5 to 1 in the final for the Coldstream Cup Polo Tournament at Omdurman. Names: Captain Leacroft (left), Capt. Martin, Mr. Clarke and Lieut. Foley

Photograph *Photo Illus.*

WITH THE COWDRAY

Mrs. Courtauld, "en tenue de chasse," discussing prospects with Mrs. Fitzwilliam at Burton Park

We were told that the Papyrus *v.* Zev match would assuredly be the last affair of its sort, but apparently M. Wertheimer thinks there is a good chance that Epinard will prevail where Papyrus failed. However, if the French crack does go to America different tactics will be employed. He will be taken across the Channel in ample time for him to become acclimatised, and Eugene Leigh will know how to train him for the dirt tracks of the United States. So far as I can gather, the prospects of the proposed new million-franc international race at Longchamps next May are not particularly bright. A Frenchman tells me that the project is not exciting a great deal of interest in Paris.

By "THE TOUT"

CAPTAIN DARBY ROGERS

Who is following in the footsteps of his father, "Jack" Rogers, the Curragh trainer. "Darby" has been brought up in the right school and is firmly established with a string of jumpers at Sparsholt

Christmas Racing

RACING people are well catered for in Christmas week. Good programmes are arranged at Kempton Park and Wolverhampton for Boxing Day and the following afternoon, and in the North there is a fixture at Sedgefield. At the metropolitan meeting the Christmas Hurdle Race may be won by **Flaming Sword** and the Outlands Steeplechase ought to suit **Blazing Corn.** On Thursday Kwang Su II, who has been sent from France by Mr. James Hennessey to be trained for the Grand National, has been entered for the Shepperton Steeplechase. The winner may be **Phaco.** The meeting of Civic Guard, Savernake and other smart recruits to jumping will make the Twickenham Hurdle Race a very interesting affair. I shall stick to **Civic Guard** until he is beaten. Perhaps the best tip I can give for the Wolverhampton meeting is to follow Tom Coulthwaite's stable. The week finishes with Newbury, where the sport is invariably attractive. In the Reading Steeplechase on Friday I expect **North Waltham** to gain his first victory over fences, while **Savernake** may take the Berkshire Hurdle Race on the following day.

HUNTING NOTES

By A. W. COATEN

The Late Lord Willoughby

LAST week I discussed the impending change of Masters in the Warwickshire country. A day or two before the publication of the issue the death occurred of Lord Willoughby de Broke, an unexpected event which has caused widespread grief in hunting circles. He was never the same dominating personality

in foxhunting as his father was, but he had been Warwickshire's M.F.H. for twenty-three seasons, and that was no small achievement. The Warwickshire folk are, for the most part, hard-riding and critical, and they don't mind speaking out when things are not going exactly as they would wish them to go. More than once there was just a suspicion of friction between the late M.F.H. and his followers; but Lord Willoughby always had the Committee behind him, and that was sufficient to ease the situation. On the whole, Lord Willoughby was well served by his huntsmen during his long term in office. "It is easier to choose a wife than to choose a huntsman" was one of his own aphorisms.

Photograph *Poole, Waterford*

THE BERKSHIRE WAY

Lady Black, the wife of Sir Robert Black, Chairman of the Mercantile Bank of India, beside her car at a recent meet of the South Berks at Earley

Theories and Critics

His father wrote some weighty words of advice to his brother M.F.H.'s, which became regarded as one of the minor classics of hunting literature. The late Lord Willoughby also published a volume on *Hunting the Fox*, a book which is laden with excellent hints and theories. It will be wrong to say, however, that all his opinions were accepted without challenge. Some of his followers, for example, believed that he wasted far too much valuable time in "ultra-rapid movements" between coverts. It was his theory that in approaching a covert to find a fox the last half-mile or more should be covered at a walk. He thought that hounds would not draw well unless this rule were carefully followed, and he further claimed that it gave the M.F.H. a chance of collecting his field before reaching the covertside. Perhaps his views were sound, but I know that now and again they caused a certain amount of grumbling. In consequence of Lord Willoughby's death Mr. Joshua Fielden is left with the sole Mastership until the close of the season. The splendid pack of hounds are the property of the country.

Photograph *Poole, Waterford*

WITH THE PYTCHLEY AT HARRINGTON

Mrs. Chas. Van Raalte, a well-known follower of the Pytchley, chatting with Mrs. Robert Brassey at a recent meet

A Blaze of Sport

After a good deal of indifferent sport, the second week of December ended with a perfect blaze of "good things" with the hounds. The Pytchley had a notable week, finding a tolerably good scent each day they went out. Elsewhere in the Shires there were no lack of brisk gallops, while in the provinces some long points were made, "the best day of the season" being an agreeable description which cropped up in several reports. A day with the Bedale came in for even greater appreciation, the "best hunt seen in this country for many years" being the enthusiastic manner in which their run from Ellington Bank was described. This gallop lasted just under eighty minutes. There was never a check, and a point of seven miles was made. Finally hounds pulled their fox down in the open.

Photograph *Poole, Waterford*

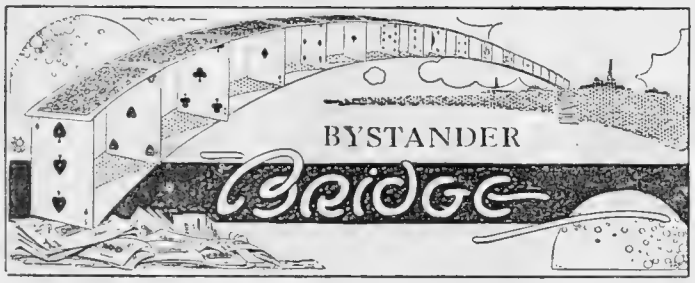
THE MASTER OF THE BICESTER

A recent snapshot of Lord Chesham, the popular Master of the Bicester, taken at Kirtlington Park

Photograph *Photo Illus.*

THE YOUNG IDEA

Miss Margaret Mercer-Nairne, daughter of Lady Violet Astor, and Miss Ivy Stretfield at a meet of the West Kent at Chiddingstone



BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

DUMMY'S DUTIES

HER partner had called "one Heart," and she said "no trumps," but was not left with the call. She put down five little Clubs, four small Spades and four tiny Diamonds.

"What on earth made you bid 'no-trumps'?" asked her partner.

"I thought that's what I had to say when I hadn't any Hearts."

. . . . . .

Judging by the letters I have received, my remarks about "untidy" Bridge have awakened a responsive chord in the hearts of many of my readers.

One of my correspondents asks me to draw attention to the habit some players have of gathering the tricks and shovelling them into a heap instead of keeping each trick separate. This causes difficulty if the tricks have to be counted under Law 89 to ascertain whether there is a card too many in any of them. For the same reason the practice of making up six tricks into a "book" is a mistake.

. . . . . .

Another irregularity is the leaving of the table by dummy. You can't object to a man taking the opportunity of mixing himself a drink when he is dummy, but if he does so he ought not to blame his partner for a revoke. The Laws do not contemplate the absence of dummy from the table. He has various well-defined duties to perform. And he has certainly no business to get up and talk to other people or look over the hands.

. . . . . .

The idea that dummy has nothing to do is erroneous. The Laws give him six rights. And it has been decided by the Portland Club that if the declarer plays from his own hand to a trick and omits playing from dummy, he may call attention to the error.

. . . .

Even worse than the absent dummy is the one who exhibits his emotions during play and plainly shows approval or disapproval of the way his partner is handling the situation.

All these and many other small irregularities of the kind tend to deprive the game of its pleasantness and smoothness. In Bridge, as in life, it is the little things that count.

. . . .

Some Don'ts

Don't say, "Damn, I have another rotten hand," before the play begins.

Don't sigh heavily, and say, "Oh, pass," when you have a Yarborough.

Don't keep the table waiting five minutes before you play the only card you have of the suit led.

Don't judge by results. If you must criticise, be fair.

Don't do anything you ought not to do and do everything you ought to do.

PRACTICAL PLAY PROBLEM No. XII

Score: Game all. Z deals. The hands are—

	Y: S—K, J, 10, 7, 4, 3. H—None. D—J, 9, 7. C—10, 9, 7, 3.	
S—2. H—K, 7, 6, 5. D—8, 5, 4, 3, 2. C—J, 5, 6.	A	B: S—A, 5. H—Q, 10, 8, 3, 2. D—A, 6. C—A, K, 8, 2.
	Z: S—Q, 9, 8, 6. H—A, J, 9, 4. D—K, Q, 10. C—Q, 4.	

State what you consider the proper bidding. Forecast the final declaration and result of play.

. . . . . .

Prizes are offered of three BYSTANDER Bridge Sets, value one guinea each. The following conditions must be observed: (1) Replies must be received not later than first post on Tuesday, January 1. (2) Not more than one solution may be sent by any one competitor. Every competitor must give full name and address, but pseudonyms may be used. (3) All solutions should be addressed to BRIDGE No. 12, THE BYSTANDER, TALLIS STREET, WHITEFRIARS, LONDON, E.C.4. My decision on the problems must be regarded as final, and no correspondence on the Competitions can be entered into.

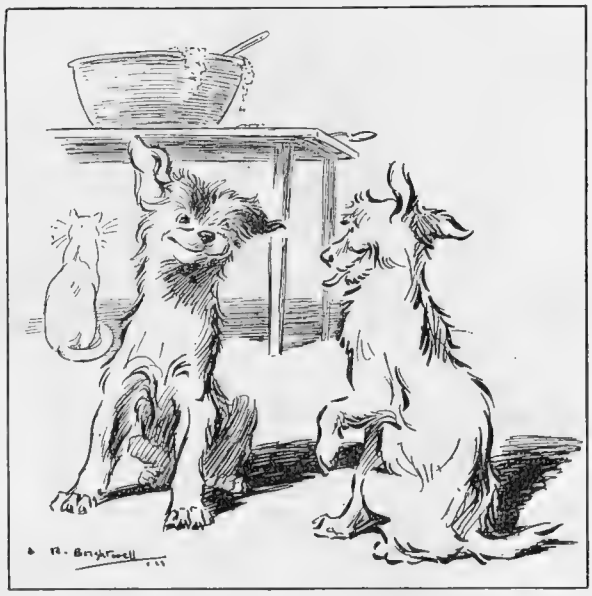
Solution to Problem No. X

(*a*) "Three Diamonds." A no-trump bid with a single guard in Hearts and Diamonds unestablished would be risky. At the same time, Z's hand is too good to pass, and if opponents go to "three Hearts," Z has almost certainly the saving of the game and chance of defeating the contract.

(*b*) Z has got to play this hand in Clubs if possible and not in Hearts. The objection to the Heart call is that he is going to be forced at once, and if he finds five or six Hearts to the Jack against him (which is very likely on the freakish distribution), his hand may go to pieces. On this holding I should call "two Clubs," and be prepared to go up to "six Clubs" if "four Spades" were called against me. At the same time, I should not make a preemptive bid of "five Clubs" (although I should not rule that out as incorrect), as I should like to hear if my partner could make a call.

(*c*) At score and taking into consideration the honours, I think Y should say "three Diamonds"—not two.

Owing to the fact that this issue of THE BYSTANDER goes to press earlier than usual, the names of the prize-winners are held over until next week.



BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL

PLUMB IN THE PUDDING!

1st Pup: "I've put our bone where it'll be safe from that cat, at last"
2nd Pup: "Where?"
1st Pup: "In the pudding"

Accomplished Equestrians

The Precipice Riders of the Italian Army.

"Clinging like flies to a wall!" The pure bred steeds of Italy's cavalry, ridden by some of the most intrepid horsemen who ever donned a King's uniform, frequently negotiate declivities forty feet high and almost perpendicular.

Feeling their way down with surer foot than the mule and with an adhesion which seems to defy all the laws of gravity, these horses are the amazement of everyone who has seen them. Sometimes they do lose their nerve, and when twenty feet from the bottom . . . . jump. Then the rider has to know how to fall!

Not very utilitarian, perhaps, in these days of long range guns and tanks . . . . but mighty fine horsemanship for all that!

"Green Stripe" is a perfect blend of Scotland's finest whiskies, having as a basis world-renowned Speyside Malts. When you require a whisky mellow and matured, of superfine quality,

The Correct Call is always

'GREEN STRIPE'
SCOTCH WHISKY

Issued by J. & G. Stewart, Limited, Edinburgh, and Kinnaird House, Pall Mall East, London, S.W. 1. *Established 1779.*

St. James's

Have you any use for £250?

Your Last Chance.

Which of Our Famous Actors will head "The Bystander" Poll of Popularity?

FIVE MORE DAYS!

THIS is all the time remaining for you to compete in our very popular Stage Favourites' Election to discover who is the most popular actor of the day.

This great competition was started a few weeks ago to settle the second part of the piquant controversy which originated our first competition to discover the most popular actress of the day.

The interest manifested in our first election has been maintained so enthusiastically in the present election, that we are beginning to think that actors are even more popular than actresses!

Watch the Closing Date!

Don't Forget! You have only five more days (six including Christmas Day) in which to register your vote.

It is clear that thousands of voters have been waiting for the final days of the competition before recording their votes. But there should be no further hesitation now.

The all-important fact which our readers should bear in mind is that all voting papers must be received on or before the last day of the year—except in the case of readers abroad, who are given until January 10.

Do it on Christmas Day!

The last voting paper appears in this issue of THE BYSTANDER. The Christmas holidays will give you an excellent opportunity of leisurely choosing your favourite actors. To make sure of being in time send them in at the earliest possible moment.

A cheque for £250—the first prize—may very easily be yours.

WHO IS OUR MOST

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Warwick Brookes, Navana, Mault and Fox, E. A. Swaine, Ernest

WHO WILL HEAD THE POLL?

We all find that there is one actor who makes a different and more pronounced appeal to us than does any other. Although we may not be able to define exactly what this subtle something is,

£500 CASH PRIZES FOR READERS

1st Prize, £250 : 2nd Prize, £100 : 3rd Prize, £50

And Twenty Prizes of £5 Each

to readers who succeed in giving correctly, or most nearly correctly, a list of ten actors in the order voted by the majority to be the most popular.

TO THE ACTOR HEADING THE POLL

THE BYSTANDER will present a souvenir gift of a cabinet of 1,000 of the famous La Corona "Corona" cigars. The cigars which will make up this gift have been specially prepared for THE BYSTANDER at the La Corona Factory in Havana, and reached England recently. The cabinet is on display in the Cigar Department of Messrs. Harrods stores.

POPULAR ACTOR?

I. Mills, Vaughan and Freeman, Malcolm Arbuthnot, Claude Harris, Dorothy Wilding, Crailey and Hana.

£500 CASH PRIZES FOR VOTERS

'et we are very conscious of its presence. "The Bystander" wants to find which actor makes he widest appeal to play-goers, and is offering £500 in prizes in order to discover him.

THE CANDIDATES.

WHICH of these well-known actors are *your* favourites? They are named here in alphabetical order. To win a big cash prize choose the ten you like best and fill in their names on the *voting paper on page 3 of the cover.*

Theatre		Appearing In
His Majesty's	Henry Ainley	"Hassan"
	W. H. Berry	
New York ..	Jack Buchanan	"London Revue, 1923"
	Sir Gerald du Maurier ..	
	Dennis Eadie	
Haymarket ..	Leslie Faber	"The Importance of Being Earnest"
Winter Garden	George Grossmith ..	"The Beauty Prize"
New York ..	Sir John Martin Harvey	"Hamlet"
Winter Garden	Leslie Henson	"The Beauty Prize"
On Tour ..	Seymour Hicks	
	Matheson Lang	
Stratford Empire	Alfred Lester	"The Night Porter"
	Robert Loraine	
Queen's	Norman McKinnel ..	"The Little Minister"
Queen's ..	Owen Nares	"The Little Minister"
His Majesty's	Leon Quartermaine ..	"Hassan"
	George Robey	
On Tour ..	Aubrey Smith	
On Tour ..	Fred Terry	
Gaiety ..	Arthur Wontner	"Catherine"

What is your Preferential Tariff of Popularity?

Read these Conditions before Registering Your Vote.

What You Must Do

is very simple. A BYSTANDER Selection Committee has chosen twenty actors (whose names appear here) as being most representative of the leading stage favourites of to-day.

Go through these very carefully, and select and vote for (see voting paper on page 3 of cover) the ten actors who stand highest in your affections. Fill in their names on the voting paper. The decision will be made by popular vote. The ten actors, of the twenty named, receiving the most votes will be accepted as the most popular.

There is no Entrance Fee

The first prize of £250 cash will be awarded to the reader whose voting list, in correct order, most nearly approximates to the ten favourites voted the most popular. The second prize of £100 will go to the sender of the next most nearly correct voting list—and so on.

Readers may send in as many voting papers as they wish, and may vary their lists as much as they please, but each must be filled in and cut from THE BYSTANDER. The last voting paper appears in this issue of THE BYSTANDER. *The closing date is December* 31.

You may collect voting papers from your friends and fill them in yourself. This will help to ensure a greater measure of success for your own favourites, and at the same time give you more opportunities to win a large share of that £500.

Cut out the Voting Paper

You have no trouble other than to fill in the voting paper and to post it, together with any others you may have saved from preceding issues, in time to reach us not later than December 31. Address them to :—

THE ORGANISER, "MOST POPULAR ACTOR ELECTION," THE BYSTANDER, TALLIS STREET, LONDON, E.C. 4.

Femina

DECORATING THE NURSERY AT CHRISTMAS

By MRS. M. VINCE

THE three of them (their ages were eleven, nine and five) were allowed, not without some misgiving, to do the Christmas decoration of their nursery entirely themselves. They were given plenty of holly, and cotton-wool for snow—specially treated with alum so that it would not burn—a paper frieze with Father Christmas and his reindeer on it, a good supply of string, cotton and wire, and two robins. With these they were left to themselves, promises being first exchanged, on the one side that they would be careful and help one another, on the other, that any grown-ups who went into the nursery would not look.

IT was the labour of a whole day, from just after breakfast until well after bedtime, and the result gave everyone great satisfaction. One would call it perhaps original and interesting, rather than really decorative, but its chief handicap was that it interfered a good deal with the use of the nursery. In this it failed to recognise the essential limits of the decorator. However, it was only for a short time. What it showed most of all was love of realism combined with the jolly power, if realism fails, of making any sort of symbol do just as well, which one finds in all imaginative children.

DESIRING real things, what they had tried to do was to bring the outside winter-world into their nursery. Holly is a tree. Grown-ups might be satisfied to make it look pretty, lying in small pieces along the tops of pictures and sideboards and cabinets, but *they* wanted to make it look as much like trees as possible. That was the main feature of the decoration—not holly, but holly-trees. They grow up from the tops and legs of every chair, from the chimneys of the dolls' house, from the ears of the rocking-horse, from the ends of the fire-guard. Each tree was well-laden with snow, and in each birds were singing—the two robins and the birds from the Noah's Ark. And then, as the stock of birds would not go round, the smaller animals were used to represent them.

IF trees grow out of the ground, snow lies on it, and so it was the cotton-wool, and not the holly, which was carefully laid along the tops of pictures and edges of the furniture, just where it would lie out-of-doors. Finally, there was a violent, but very local snow-storm, made of cotton-wool suspended by cotton from the centre light.

IT was perhaps in the treatment of the paper frieze of Father Christmas and his reindeer that this desire for realism was most emphatically expressed. Here was a piece of decoration all ready, waiting only to be pinned to the wall; but each of the four Father Christmases had been carefully cut out, a piece of cardboard stuck to his back, and two of them were driving along the mantelpiece and two along one of the shelves.

ALL this was the work of the two elders. The youngest of the three had taken no share in it. He had had his own aims and gone about them in his own way. He had grasped at once the main idea, that, for the first time, he was to be allowed to do what he liked in his own nursery. But he had grasped even less than the others, the idea of decoration—and its limitations. His first idea was to build something large and monumental in the middle of the room. He saw the cotton-wool and wanted a snow-man. But the others objected, and he found that cotton-wool snow is no material for the sculptor. So instead he made for himself, in one corner of the nursery, a little snow-drift, with a small holly tree planted very precariously in it, and Noah and several sheep and cows from the farmyard, floundering through it.

THAT done to his satisfaction, he turned to other things. He is, I think, destined to be an actor, or dramatist, rather than a decorator, for it suddenly struck him that there in this nursery was a fine bit of work being done, and no one to admire it. So he spent the rest of the time in providing the audience. He collected all the dolls and animals, not to mention such inanimate things as tops, a hoop, and a toy piano, and ranged them in a line all round the wall. There was a railway engine also, and a ship. These, no doubt were there as having as much right to enjoy the decorations as the tops, but they did seem to suggest the arrival of excursion trains.

AND so, when the work was done, and we grown-ups were at last admitted, we found ourselves but three or four added to a large audience already seated and in solemn enjoyment of the spectacle.

M. V.

A SOUBRETTE FROM THE U.S.A.

Miss Marie Nordstrom, the dainty American soubrette, who is appearing at the Palladium in a new and delightful song-show "Let's Pretend." Her clever interpretation of "types" has proved much to the liking of Palladium audiences

Photograph *Central News*

AT ST. MARTIN'S

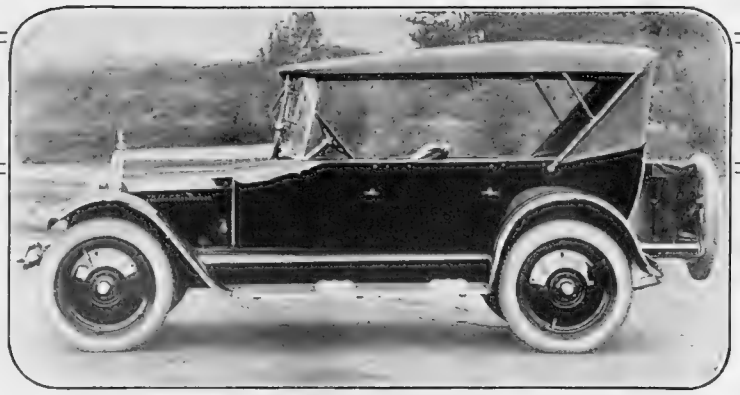
Mr. Eric Cowley, the actor, who has just returned from America, and his bride, Miss Hilda Bruce-Potter, who is acting in "The Lilies of the Field," after their wedding at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields

Head Lines that Carry Conviction

Photographs *Dorothy Wilden*

Miss Renée Kelly in some of the Condor Hats she has chosen for the Riviera

MOTOR NOTES



THE DURANT DE LUXE

A 24 h.p. touring model of this handy car, which has made such strides in popular favour lately

On Boxing Day the Motor-Cycling Club holds its usual London-Exeter run, and may the Clerk of the Weather be good to them, as that all-night ride, starting from Staines Bridge, is a cold and chilly job, however fair the weather may be. Somehow or another it is usually foul some part of the way, and productive of at least a thorough wetting and a mud bath for all the motor-cycling competitors, though, of course, the car-drivers and their passengers do not suffer so badly. The M.C.C. held their annual dinner and prize-giving a fortnight before at the Wharncliffe Rooms, Hotel Great Central. As this followed the A.G.S. dinner held the night previously, the members who attended both of these festivities were well wound-up, and did not let the election results worry them one little bit, as they danced up to 3.0 a.m., or thereabouts. Mr. W. H. Wells had a large party present, and, of course, Mr. J. K. Starley, the President of the M.C.C., was dispensing hospitality far and wide.

* * *

It is most amusing to see the so-called technical journals crawling down over the fuel tax—now they see that its attainment is impossible. The Bystander told them that twelve months ago, but they would not listen to it, as even longer back than that a little bird whispered into Old Hy's ear that the Customs and Treasury were not going to have it—no matter what the arguments were. In fact, motorists can blame the *Motor* and the *Autocar* and technical writers in the motor press for wasting their efforts in trying to get an impossible tax put on, instead of exerting all their power in asking for a reduction in the amount demanded from private motorists. I fully believe if they had done this we should have had a 15*s.* horse-power tax instead of £1 on January 1, 1924. Instead, we shall have to wait until January 1, 1925, before there is any possibility of it, and goodness knows what Government will be in power then. It is really sad to think how few writers correctly judged the situation with regard to motor taxation. Possibly writers on a particular pastime are apt to miss the wider political requirements. Also, it is only the astute parliamentarians who are able to realise that though the ideal tax or ideal anything else is desirable, what is practically attainable is always the best goal to strive for. A fuel tax was an ideal that was impracticable to a working government official, and I for one always saw that, and hence could not support it.

* * *

Talking about motor taxation, I must say I am sorry for the poor caravan folk, as usually the people who purchase caravans do not have too much money to spare. When the question of taxation comes up, I think motor caravans ought to pay only £5 or £10 a year at the utmost, as the mileage they cover on the roads is very small indeed—not much more than a thousand miles, as a rule, in any one year—and our climate is such that they can be enjoyed only for a very few months. Now this is a question that might be taken up by the motoring press generally, as the amount of cash paid to the Treasury for caravans, even at the present high rates, is very small. If they reduced it by half it really would not make any appreciable difference in the total income of the road fund. At present caravans are rather a luxury, as a writer in the *Autocar* pointed out recently. He stated that he paid £16 tax for the half year for his motor caravan, the distance covered was 1,200 miles, which worked out 3*d.* per mile tax, while his insurance at £23 was even worse, namely, 4*d.* per mile, which made motor-caravaning a luxury with a very heavy amusement tax. Of course, some people might consider that just, but in my opinion it is exorbitant.

* * *

Sporting motorists will be pleased to learn that Brooklands will continue its usual programme of race meetings this next season, notwithstanding all we have heard about noise, etc., from the exhaust. The only alteration that is likely to take place is that no very early morning starts will be allowed for long test trials of endurance, nor will they be allowed to continue so late in the evening—but I don't suppose that will really matter. People who hold twelve hours' or double twelve hours' records will possibly be able to retain these, not because they could not be beaten, but because it will not be possible to run cars on the track for such long periods. It is for this reason that the old Napier twenty-four-hour record will stand until some other track is opened, at which all day and all night running is permissible. Possibly we may have a car that is so silent in its running that it will race like a ghost round Brooklands track, and but for its flashing lights when darkness approaches nobody would know a vehicle was running! I wonder if Mr. Royce will take the tip and create a new silent record for the 20 h.p. Rolls or Mr. Lanchester for the new 21 h.p. Lanchester.

* * *

One of the cars that has given efficient service to its owners is the 10 h.p. Swift, whose makers very wisely did not attempt to reduce the price at the last Olympia Show, but gave their customers extra equipment and fittings at the old figure. A friend of mine who bought one recently is full of enthusiasm as to its merits. His view is that at the moderate price of £250, it is a super-efficient car, running on top gear between five and fifty-three miles an hour—which is certainly a wide enough margin for most folk—on a petrol consumption of about forty to fifty miles to the gallon. I am not surprised, therefore, that he calls it a wonderful little engine. This, of course, it has proved in open competitions, as well as in private club contests in which it gained quite a number of prizes during the past season, and no doubt will gather up a few more in the coming one. The new items that have been added to its equipment include double windscreen, shock absorbers, spring gaiters, speedometer and clock. These, with the electric lighting and starting outfit, spare wheel and tyre, hood and side curtains, leave little to the customer to purchase, however keen he may be on extra gadgets. The result is that whether you buy a two-seater and dickey, or "occasional" four-seater type of body at this moderate price, you get a car fully equipped.

Old Hy.

MR. MAX PEMBERTON

Who, in the pursuance of his hobby of motoring (vide "Who's Who") has acquired a 20 h.p. Rolls-Royce, thereby adding another distinguished member to the army of admirers of this beautiful car

GBD

GBD NEW ERA

ALL SHAPES AND SIZES 10/6

INDIVIDUALITY

INDIVIDUALITY is the characteristic which stamps a man of reputation. It distinguishes also those articles which are fashioned by men whose skill has been handed on from one generation to another. The individuality of the GBD NEW ERA is the intangible quality which has marked the famous GBD pipes since they were first manufactured over 60 years ago.

We guarantee that the Briar (French Bruyere) is exclusively Genuine Old Briar Root. Each pipe has been subjected to our special hardening and seasoning process; it is supplied in all the best known shapes, and packed in our special 'Pochette' polisher.

These pipes can be obtained from most high-class tobacconists. We will gladly supply you with an illustrated list and the name of your nearest retailer. From friends abroad who cannot obtain our pipes locally we cordially invite enquiries and information as to the nearest importer.

Trade inquiries to:—38, Finsbury Square, London, E.C. 2.

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The 'NO TRUMPER'
This is NOT A FREAK pipe in appearance, but it STANDS UPRIGHT and does not spill the ash.

Model No. NE. 602.

"Quality"

Beautiful Users of

BRISTOW'S GEORGIAN TOILET PREPARATIONS

MISS PHYLLIS DARE

the charming and well-known actress, writes:—

Dear Sirs,

I think your Georgian Toilet Preparations are most refreshing. The Soap, Beauty Powder and Shampoo Powders are particularly fragrant and delightful to use.

Yours truly,
PHYLLIS DARE.

Bristow's Toilet Preparations can be obtained from all Chemists and Stores throughout the country.

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Clerkenwell, LONDON
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10D per Tablet.
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Send name of your Stores.
Make beauty a duty!

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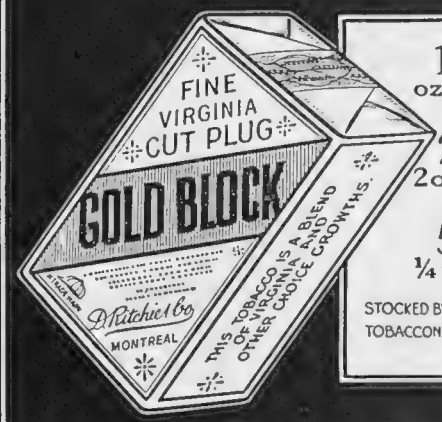

1/3½ per oz. packet
2/7 per 2 oz. packet
5/2 per ¼ lb. tin

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GOLD BLOCK
FINE VIRGINIA CUT PLUG

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd., successors in the United Kingdom to D. Ritchie & Co.

G.B.4

"On Show" Sensations

BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL

No. V.—When you find a smut on your white sheep-dog one minute before entering the ring

The Gift Dog

AN END-OF-THE-YEAR TIP OR TWO

By "THE KENNELMAN." *Sketches by NICOLSON*

CHRISTMAS week entertainments this year include Dog Shows in most parts of the country. Among those for to-day, Boxing Day, are Shows at Carlisle, Colne, Hull, King's Heath, Leeds, Leicester, Sheffield, Reading, and the Southern Counties Greyhound Association's fixture at Truro.

Enquiries addressed this month to between thirty and forty leading breeders in different parts of the country have elicited the almost unanimous expression of opinion that there has been more buying of Dogs for Christmas presents this year than ever before, and that, in particular, the demand for good Puppies has been unprecedented. The Breeds specially mentioned as being very largely favoured include Cockers, Sealyhams, Alsatians, Pekingese, and Wire-haired Fox-Terriers. Naturally, of course, for this particular purpose of present-giving, the smaller Breeds are more in demand than Hounds and big Dogs.

BYSTANDER readers appear to have given quite a lot of thought to this matter of the choice of Dogs as gifts, and some interesting points are made in letters received. It is, for instance, common sensibly urged that, however much the surprise element may be valued, and however little you may like to talk about a present you intend giving, a little judicious preliminary sounding is necessary where the gift of a Dog is concerned (*a*) with regard to the variety of Dog to be chosen, and (*b*) to make certain of the vital essential of a Dog being welcomed.

You may hunt the world and never discover a jollier form of gift, nor one so likely to bring lasting pleasure, appreciation, and the nicest sort of gratitude. But there are definite responsibilities attaching to it; and it's not to be done properly without taking thought. Dogs—bless 'em!—are so emphatically persons, and not chattels, that common decency demands your consideration of them as such, before introduction into any home. You don't ask your maiden aunt who lives quite alone in a lavender-scented atmosphere of gentle evangelicalism, to entertain half a dozen of your most sporty bachelor friends; but, if you did, the impropriety and embarrassment involved might be less serious, and less prolonged, than in the case of the gift of a Great Dane, where a Peke or a Griffon were longed for.

There's something in that, you know. And there's your duty to the Great Dane to be considered, as well as the feelings of the party who is longing for a "Peke." Think of the Dog as your ambassador, and, before permitting him to present his credentials, take the customary diplomatic steps to make sure of his being *persona grata* in the household to which he is accredited. And there are one or two other points.

If the folk to receive your gift are practically knowledgeable in the care of Dogs, well and good. If they are not, do not present them with a Puppy under three or four, or, preferably, six months old. Whatever his age, make sure the chosen Dog is pure-bred, and absolutely sound and perfect in health and condition which includes, of course, cleanliness and state of skin and coat. Take no chances over these things. Further, ascertain and set down in writing, detail of the chosen Dog's present dietary and general regime, and let a full, clear statement of these important details accompany your gift, *thus adding, say, 75 per cent. to its value.* However possibly intriguing, remember that a pathetic demeanour in a Dog pretty surely indicates physical disability, just as vigorous jollity indicates sound health. It may be quite all right to send a Dog of Pekin Palace descent to a sporting country home but it's not at all likely to be right to send a Dog born and bred to hard-bitten sport, to the home of those who live all their days in a Town flat, or in very sedentary fashion.

Given due regard for these things, with understanding recognition of the vital fact that Dogs are persons, not chattels, and I entirely agree that you will "never discover a jollier form of gift, nor one so likely to bring lasting pleasure. . . ." It's not only undesirable, but criminal, to give this kind of present to people whose notion of quarters for a Dog is a chain and an old barrel. I'd as lief hand over a child to the late Mr. and Mrs. Squeers, as a Dog to folk who are still mediæval enough to use chains.

With every deference to the writers of pretty-pretty stories about stray Dogs, it is to be remembered that it is a legally punishable offence to harbour or detain any such Dog, *without notifying the police.* Legally, and morally, too, the offence is, of course, aggravated, if it be shown that the ownership of the Dog could easily have been ascertained. But apart from that, you render yourself to penalties if you omit to notify the police. A stray Dog is a Dog in dire distress, and for all such, remember, the police represent rescue and salvation.

Don't forget Dog Licenses next week. It's not a bad way of beginning the New Year to let it be known that you are willing to pay for one, or two, or three, for folk in your neighbourhood who can't well manage it on their own—providing they really care for their Dogs.

Registration at the Kennel Club (84, Piccadilly) costs but a few shillings—a non-recurring expense—and clearly is worth while, for every Dog of pedigree, even though you do not think now that he will ever be exhibited.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE'S WINTER SALE

Wonderful Bargains in High-Grade Goods.

Commences on MONDAY NEXT and continues for 4 weeks

18 only model Fur Coats, of which one sketched is a typical example, in French Beaver dyed coney, with collar, cuffs and flounce of sable dyed flying squirrel, lined Paisley marocain to tone. Original Price, 49 to 59 Gns.

Sale Price **39 Gns.**

Other models in this collection are worked from natural musquash, seal dyed coney and skunk, natural pony-skin, and Tasmanian Opossum, etc.

"VIOLET."—Popular Tea Frock in good quality crepe de Chine, new bodice with looped back and full draped skirt, trimmed tucks and finished with bow at side. In a large range of colours and Black.

Sale Price **55/9**

25 Street Coats, suitable for early spring wear, in fine quality gabardine, in various designs, of which sketch, becomingly finished with braid, is a typical example. Usual Price, 10½ Gns.

Sale Price **6½ Gns.**

450 Chiffon Velvet Frocks in five designs, of which sketch, with becoming crossover bodice, is a typical example. In a large range of artistic colours. Usual Price, 6 Gns.

Sale Price **78/6**

Knitted Suit (as sketch) made from superior quality woollen yarn, suitable for sports wear, an attractive and well-finished model. In a good range of colours. Usual Price, 73/6.

Sale Price **52/6**

Inexpensive Cami-Knicker (as sketch) in pure silk crepe de Chine, trimmed with double row of vandyke hemstitching, and fine lace, slightly gathered on hips, finished ribbon shoulder straps. In Ivory, Pink, Blue, Lemon, Mauve, Black.

Sale Price **29/6**

20 only attractive Crossover Blouses for wearing outside the skirt, made in good quality artificial silk stockinette, perfectly fitting long revers tied at side with loose bow and ends, long sleeves with narrow turn-back cuff. Champagne, Mole, Grey and Henna.

Sale Price **21/9**

Useful Petticoat, as sketch, made in good quality moire poplin, cut on generous lines, for full figures, very strong for hard wear. Length, 32, 35. Colours: Black, Grey, Mole, Navy, Nigger Biscuit.

Sale Price **7/9**

Front-Laced Corset with low bust and medium length skirt, made in fancy pink material. Sizes, 22 to 30. Usual Price, 29/6.

Sale Price **17/6**

Super-quality Pure Silk Milanese Chemises, extra length. Hemstitched and embroidered designs in White, Black, Pink, Lemon, Sky Mauve.

Sale Price **25/9**

REMNANT DAY, THURSDAY.

SALE CATALOGUE POST FREE. *Goods cannot be sent on approval during the Sale.*

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE, Oxford Street & Vere Street, London, W.1

(Debenhams, Ltd.)

Fashion's Fancies

By MRS. JACK MAY.

As I write the shops are coping with the customary eleventh-hour Christmas rush. We are all dashing hither and thither after some coveted object, and, incidentally, frequently paying the cost thereof. Prices have a nasty way of running up just prior to Christmas, preparatory to slipping down when the shops open again with their sales. "Well, will they be good sales?" is a question already passing from lip to lip, those especially interested having waited patiently for these events to replenish their wardrobes with urgently needed winter garments.

There have already been a few advance clearances, mostly among the bigger *coutourières*, whose clients have a tiresome habit of flying off to the Riviera and the Swiss sports directly the festive season is over. These people mark down their models appreciably, and thus provide the new poor with an opportunity of acquiring a really good possession at a price compatible with their sadly depleted purse.

FOR THE RIVIERA

An evening toilette for the restaurant or casino, in black and parchment tinted lace, with a sash of violet velvet

Original design by "Beta"

Off to the Riviera

THE exodus has already begun to the South, where it is hoped the sun will shine according to plan, if only to oblige those who have equipped themselves with fine clothes to dazzle and distract the gay crowd on the Côte d'Azur. Sport, however, has come to play such a large part in the day's programme that more attention than ever appears to be paid to evening toilettes for restaurant and casino wear, and these this season appeal as surpassingly beautiful, some especially choice effects being wrought in lace, the original design pictured being one of the many of a like distinguished elegance. It is composed of black and parchment-tinted lace, delicately inset one with the other, to effect a striking silhouette, that is much enhanced by a handsome sash of violet velvet, its one long end edged silk fringe. Black satin court shoes are worn with this toilette, and the palest nude silk stockings.

THE "NONETTA" PARTING

An artistic example of postiche work from the Maison Nicol, 170, New Bond Street

An Unrivalled Posticheur

TO have attained such a position to-day, in the face of many rivals both here and on the Continent, at once implies some special skill, together with exceptional knowledge and experience. And yet at the very summit of this particular tree stands the Maison Nicol. Established in 1895 in the Haymarket, this house, under the direct supervision of Mr. Nicol, has steadily progressed upwards, through three successive reigns, and is now established at 170, New Bond Street, W., a thoroughly recognised head of all that is supreme in *postiche* artistry. From the outset Mr. Nicol laid down one golden rule, that only the best was worth considering. Consequently, from the purchase of the hair to the last finishing touches to a transformation, value is upheld. One of the chief reasons of the phenomenal success of the Maison Nicol is due to the fact that every form of *postiche* is individually modelled to the wearer's head. Each little peculiarity of growth is faithfully followed, while the natural scalp is so realistically reproduced that the closest investigation defies detection, every hair proceeding directly from this foundation, which is of the finest hair lace, very light and flexible, and so conforming to every curve at temples, ears and neck.

The astonishing realism of such handling is especially noticeable in the "Nonetta" parting shown in the sketch. This is a most persuasive transformation, and includes the new soft rolls over the ears. But the "Nonetta" is applicable to any style of parting, while those who prefer to dispense with one at all there is the "Pompretta," that in like way conforms to a complete naturalness of expression.

The Solray Treatment

IT is over a year ago, since I paid my first visit to 15 Hanover Street, W, in quest of information as to the then new treatment for the removal of superfluous hair, and I can recall, as though it were yesterday, the intense interest aroused by Miss Craig's quiet confidence in this amazing scientific discovery. That it has proved the finest alleviation to one of the most dreaded defects from which a woman can suffer, two years steady progress has testified beyond any question or doubt.

To recall briefly what this Solray treatment is. By the employment of Light Rays—there are some five in all—the very root of the trouble is not only reached, but eliminated for all time. The secret, however, is alone known to Miss Craig and her partner, and the former is the active exponent, a very onerous position indeed for a woman to hold. And she is always there, at 15 Hanover Street, to be consulted by appointment, and the best advice to be given to all sufferers is to go there and learn all the facts at first hand.

TWO EXCELLENT EXAMPLES OF TECLA PEARLS

"We are having an equally satisfactory success with men," Miss Craig

AN ARUNDEL GEM

A remarkable Cameo representing a procession of Bacchus, thirty-three figures being exquisitely worked in a convex shell of 2 inches by 1½. This is one of the gems from the Arundel collection, and is to be seen at Good's Cameo Corner, 1 New Oxford Street, W.C.1

frankly surprised by this announcement on my second visit the other day. Many men, it appears, have exceedingly sensitive skins, and a dark hirsute growth in particular requires more than one daily shave. And it is these who are now requisitioning the services of Solray.

Técla Pearls

ALL the world knows Técla Pearls, two examples of which are shown on the previous page. Increasing demand has not impaired the beauty of these excellent productions or changed the quality obtained by their slow and secret manufacture. You are cordially invited to visit the newest deliveries from Paris in the Técla Showrooms at 7, Old Bond Street, W.

A Débutante's Dance Dress

THERE is no pleasanter venue for a girl to make her début than at a hunt or county ball, far more cheery and less formal functions than a London ball. The majority of young girls look their best in soft diaphanous frocks. Far more attractive in reality than even the adjoined picture is this frock of pale pink georgette, not flesh pink, but two or three tones deeper. The skirt is just one mass of floating rounded panels or petals, picot edged, to enhance the fluffiness. It is mounted over a petticoat of the same material and a foundation of pink Jap silk.

A complete foil to this floating jupe is the perfectly tight little bodice round the waist of which there is carried a narrow Romney blue *gros* grain ribbon, the ends tied in a small severe flat bow at one side.

Round the neck and armholes there is suggested as a finish bands of pink marabout. But tiny French hems of the material may be substituted for that trimming Silver shoes and silver grey stockings are worn with a frock of this character.

An Industry of the Middle Ages

I think I am right in saying that it was Catherine of Arragon who gave the first big fillip to the cottage lace industry of Buckinghamshire. Before that time, in fact since the fourteenth century, the old pillow lace industry of Buckinghamshire had carried on a more or less precarious existence. To-day, the old lace-makers have been hard hit by the importation of cheap foreign lace, which is sold at a figure with which no British wage-earners can compete. So the Cottage Lace Workers' Agency has been started at Olney, Bucks, to help the industry, by supplying thread, collecting orders, and advertising the goods. The lace work, an example of which is illustrated on this page, is made by the poor cottagers of Buckinghamshire in their own homes and sold direct through the agency. Readers who are anxious to support this old British industry should write to Mrs. Armstrong, Bucks Cottage Workers' Agency, Olney, Bucks, for particulars of their excellent productions. All sorts of lace-work is carefully executed and, in addition, customers' own materials are worked up if desired, as well as the cleaning, repairing and transforming of lace.

A DÉBUTANTE'S DANCE FROCK

A simple creation in pale pink georgette. The petal effect of the skirt is achieved by picot-edged floating panels

Original design by Betty Nisbet

A Resolution

In 1924 I shall keep a diary. (Laughter and jeers.) I repeat, in 1924 I shall keep a diary, and it will be a Letts "Quikref," published by Cassells, so there will be every inducement. The trouble is that they publish them in such variety, and suited to so many occupations, that I have not yet decided whether I shall be a wireless enthusiast, a field naturalist, a golfer or a motor mechanic. There are heaps of other special ones, too, so perhaps it had better be one of those beautifully leather-bound personal ones. They meet all the usual requirements.

A Winter's Sale

Commencing next Monday December 31, the London Shoe Company are starting their customary after-Christmas sale, prior to stocking their showroom with the new season's goods. The sale is to take place only at two of the firm's many branches, viz., at 21-22, Sloane Street, S.W.1, and at 262-4, Regent Street, W.1. Some remarkable bargains are promised the discerning, among which are dainty satin shoes at 5*s*., 10*s*, and 15*s*. the pair; coloured brocade court shoes at 10*s*., and suede, glacé kid or patent leather walking shoes at 10*s*. and 15*s*. a pair.

To See the New Year In

The science of blending whisky is even more complex than the science of blending drinks—and this latter is by no means as easy to accomplish successfully as the tyro worshipper of Bacchus may imagine. Those who appreciate the mellowness which long maturing gives to whisky, and who are able to discriminate between good blending and—er—not so good (of course, there is no *bad*!), will appreciate in time for the New Year a case of "Red Tape" Whisky. This excellent product is a carefully chosen blend of between twenty and thirty products from Scotland's finest distilleries. After many years experience has been evolved this mellow blend which is so pleasing to the taste and leaves no after drinking harshness. It is packed in three, six or twelve-bottle cases, and can be supplied through all distributing agents, or from the sole proprietors, Messrs. Baird-Taylor Bros., 68, Bath Street, Glasgow, at a *pro rata* price of 13*s*. a bottle.

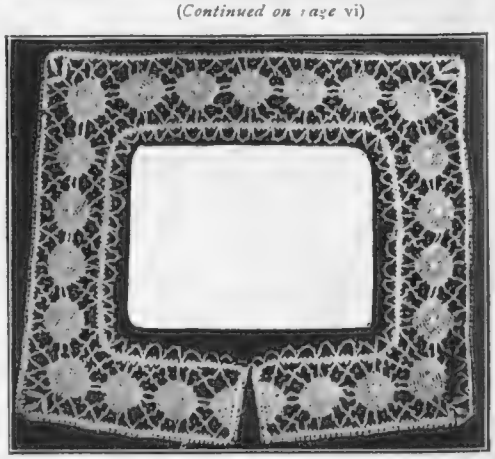
Travelling Rugs

To those who are looking out for a belated gift, or one that will carry all sorts of warm New Year wishes in its folds, I commend, as a last minute suggestion, those excellent tartan travelling rugs from McDonalds, Ltd., 21-31, Buchanan Street, Glasgow. An all-wool Saxony tartan travelling or motor rug (in the plaid of every clan, with reverse effects) is being offered, post paid, from the makers at the low price of 47*s*. 6*d*. For a full-size all-wool rug, 4 lbs. in weight, this strikes one as remarkable value.

Hours of Ease

It seems a long time since the days when "sit up straight, boy!" was considered part of the training of any child who had been so presumptuous as to be born into the world. And most of those who rapped out such instructions are either compelled to lean back in a comfortable chair, or have, in the course of time, found a more complete rest than any chair can give. For better or for worse, this age is one in which young and old alike choose to spend their leisure hours—when they get any—in comfort. Thus it is that Foot's Adjustable Rest Chairs make such a big appeal. You press a button, and the back goes back or rises to any position found most restful. Then there are all sorts of convenient attachments, tables, reading-desks, side trays,

(*Continued on page* vi)



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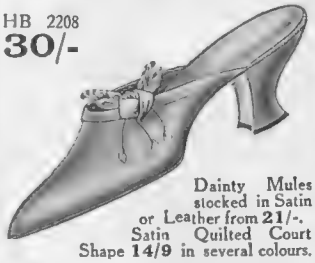

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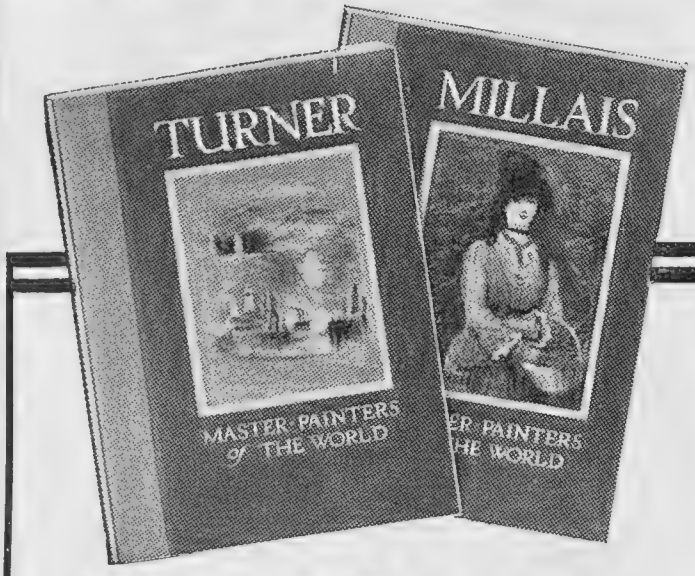

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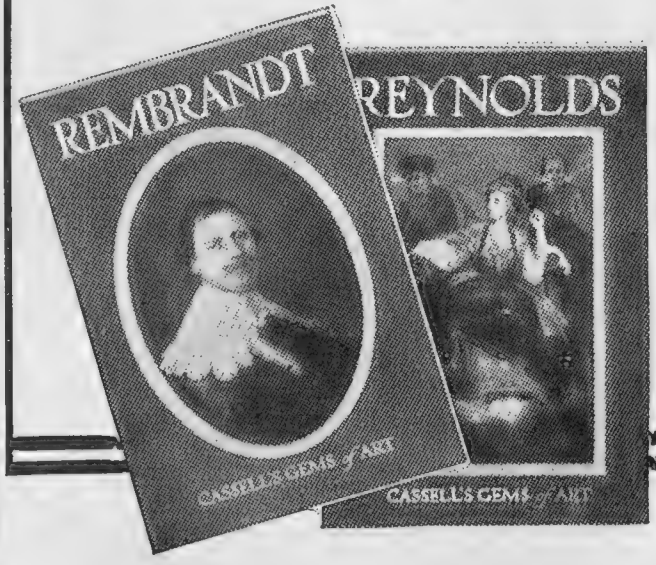

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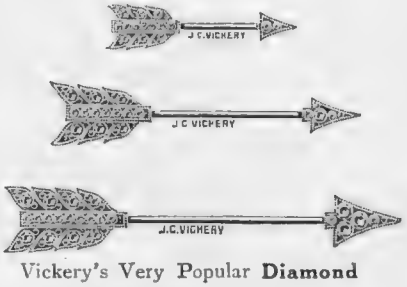

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FASHION'S FANCIES (*concluded*)

which are regulated just as easily. The makers, at 171, New Bond Street, issue an interesting catalogue on these adventitious aids to our hours of ease.

A Wish—and a Thought for Father

I wish some kind parent or guardian would adopt me for a little while. Not that I am under sixteen years of age, but if the k.p. or g. is *very* kind it might make me young again. And I'd like to be under sixteen again. Or better still, under eight. Because the proprietors of Wright's Coal Tar Soap have brought out such a pretty picture-book for their new painting competition, which closes on February 29, 1924. There are two classes: one for grown-ups between the ages of eight and sixteen, and one for tinies who are—not so grown up. There are over two hundred prizes in each class. Perhaps the parent or guardian who signs one of the winning entries *might* be able to wangle some of the reward from a precocious offspring. But I doubt it. Write for a competition booklet to "Painting Competition," Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 44-50, Southwark Street, S.E. 1. It will keep the kiddies quiet.

For the Third Time of Asking

Emile, Ltd., of 24 and 25, Conduit Street, W.1, are fully entitled to pat themselves heartily on the back—if they do not consider such an act too undignified for one of the leading firms in the world of *coiffure*. At the recent Hairdressing Exhibition at Holland Park, this firm's Ultima transformation gained the First Prize for the third year in succession in London. Last year, "seeking fresh worlds to conquer," the "Ultima" gained premier place in the Paris Exhibition, which, we learn on reliable authority, is an unparalleled performance. There is no doubt that statistics

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speak louder than the most eloquent unsupported assertion, so it is quite obvious that Emile, Ltd., are in a position to render first-class assistance to the cause of beautifying and improving what has been referred to in the realms of poetry as "woman's crowning glory."

Enquire Within

In compiling a handy reference book the question to be solved is not so much "What shall we put in?" as "What shall we leave out?" It is on this very point that many compilers fail badly, turning what might otherwise be a handy reference into a heavy and ponderous tome. However, the compilers of the *Daily Mail Year Book for* 1924 have not fallen into this most easy of literary pits, for none of its pages contains information that is of interest to only a few, but every page is of practicable help to the enquirer. The range of subjects covered is extraordinarily wide, in fact the Year Book is an encyclopedia of real merit costing but one shilling.

A NURSERY MODEL

A neat product from "His Master's Voice," the Gramophone Co., Ltd., of 363, Oxford Street, W. 1. This model, which is priced at £3 10s., has illustrated nursery rhymes on its sloping side panels

A New Family Policy

I don't want to strike a gloomy note at Christmas, but with the dawn of a New Year in sight many of the prudent ones of this world turn naturally to thoughts of —Insurance. The Standard Life Assurance Company of 3, George Street, Edinburgh, have a new Family Provision Scheme with some exceedingly interesting features. It is a non-profit Policy at the lowest possible rates of premium. Full particulars can be obtained from the company's offices in Edinburgh.

Proverbial Playfulness

If I remember rightly there is a song *not* sung in the best Naval circles, but which is somewhat beloved of Suburbia. It is sung *pizzicato* or *sostenuto*, or something, and tells us that "Jack's the boy for work, Jack's the boy for play." I was reminded of this the other day by hearing that the latest addition to the flagship of Admiral de Robeck, the *Queen Elizabeth*, is a couple of sets of that excellent game, "Five-ten." A large set has been put up for deck play, and a junior set for 'tween decks. Table Five-ten, by the way, a miniature form of the game, shows every sign of establishing a sales' record this Christmas season.

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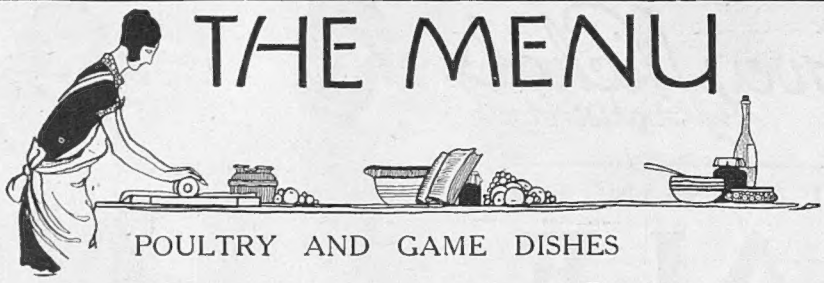

THE MENU

POULTRY AND GAME DISHES

A Roast Goose (Stuffed with Sage and Onions or Banana Stuffing)
A Mousse of Hare with Chestnuts
A Game Pie for a Shooting Party
Chaudfroid of Pheasant (Cold).
Roast Wild Duck or Teal

Roast Goose (Stuffed)

Singe and draw a tender goose. Next prepare a sage and onion stuffing made as follows: Chop finely 2 ozs. of best suet, add to it 3 ozs. of breadcrumbs, one teaspoonful of mixed herbs, one teaspoonful of powdered sage. Peel and parboil a large Spanish onion, chop it up finely, and add to the above. Mix well, and moisten with sufficient cold milk to bind the mixture. Season with salt, pepper, and very little nutmeg. Fill the goose with this, close both ends (sew up with thin twine), truss the bird, cover the breast with dripping or fat bacon, and cook in a good oven, allowing about twenty minutes to the pound. Baste frequently, and serve with a good gravy and apple sauce.

Banana Stuffing

Peel six or eight ripe bananas, and chop them rather coarsely, season well with salt and pepper, and add half a breakfast cup of breadcrumbs, a beaten egg, chopped parsley and savoury herbs to taste. Mix the whole well, and stuff the goose as in the recipe given above.

A Mousse of Hare with Chestnuts

Remove the meat from the remains of a cooked hare, and put it through a mincer. To 10 ozs. of meat allow half a gill of cream and about 2 ozs. of bread, previously soaked in milk. Season well and stir in two eggs. Now put the mixture into a buttered mould, cover with buttered paper and steam for forty minutes. For the sauce: Partly roast about 2 ozs. of chestnuts, peel and cook them in seasoned stock till tender, and having thickened the stock, pour it with the chestnuts round the mousse and serve.

A Game Pie for a Shooting Party

Cut up about 2 lbs. of rump steak into thin slices; also cut into small joints, two partridges, one grouse, and one pheasant. Line a good-sized pie-dish with the beef and put in the pieces of game in alternate layers. Season with salt, pepper and a little chopped parsley. Pour in about one and half pints of good stock. Have ready a puff paste made with 12 oz. of flour, 8 ozs. of butter, and the necessary water. Roll it out three or four times, and then cover the pie with the paste. Decorate the top, brush over with yolk of egg (not forgetting to make an incision in the centre) and bake in a fairly hot oven for about two hours.

Chaudfroid of Pheasant (Cold)

Cut up the remains of a cold pheasant into neat slices and cover these with stiffened espagnole sauce. Serve round a mayonnaise salad, and garnish with sliced hard-boiled egg. Any game may be treated this way. For espagnole sauce, fry together 1½ ozs. butter, 1½ ozs. of flour, a sliced tomato, a sliced onion, and a small slice of lean ham, then add gradually half a pint of good brown stock, into which four leaves of gelatine have been soaked, boil all together for fifteen minutes, pass it through a sieve, add a small wineglassful of sherry, skim well, and boil till reduced about a fourth part.

Roast Wild Duck or Teal

Truss the birds, let them remain without basting for the first five minutes of roasting, then baste plentifully with butter before serving; dredge them with flour, send them to the table nicely frothed, full of gravy, and rather under-cooked than otherwise. Serve with orange salad.

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